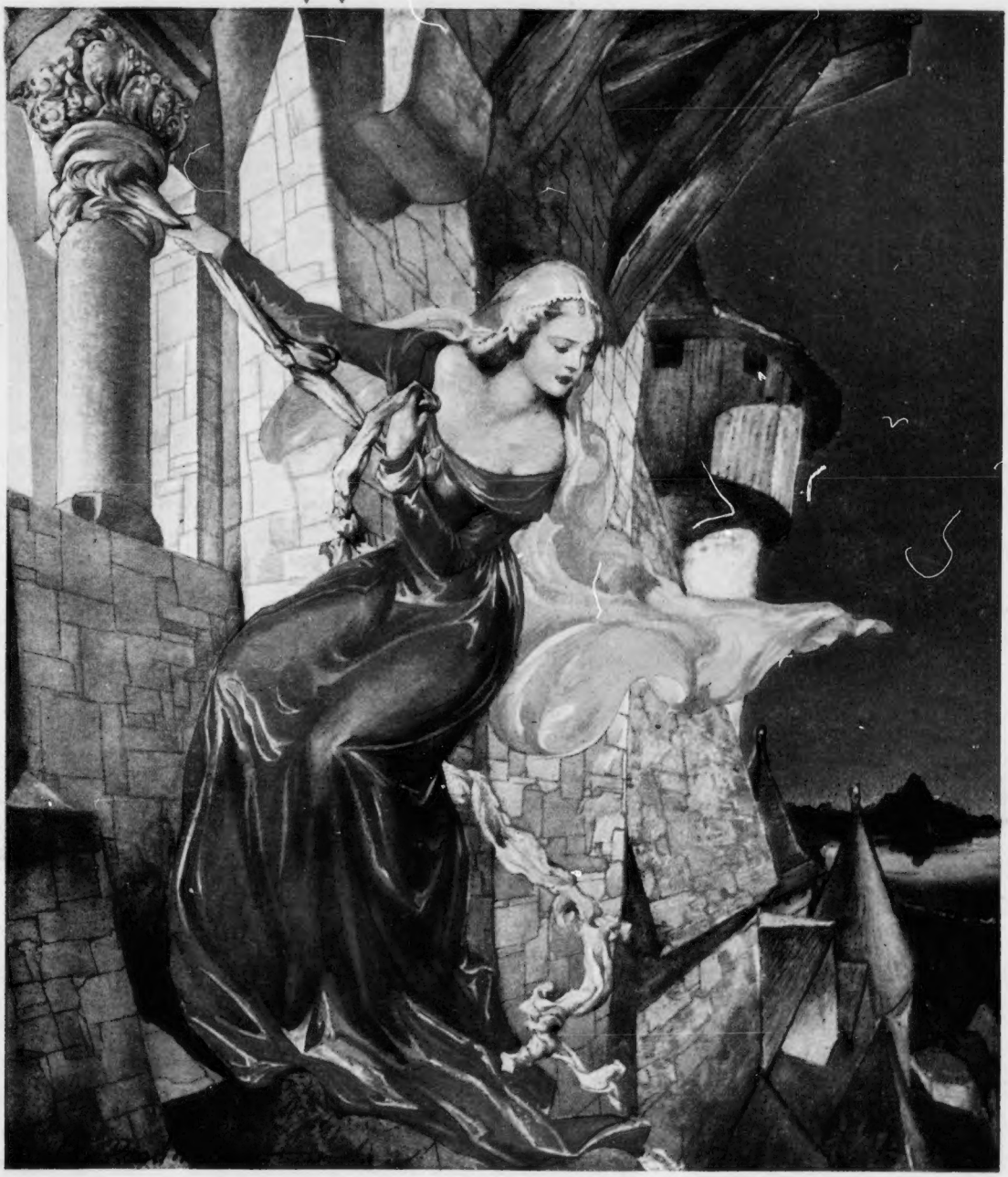
THE AMERICAN WEEKLY
Greatest Circulation in the World
The Nation's Reading Habit
Magazine Section—Boston Advertiser
Copyright, 1946, by American Weekly, Inc.
All Rights Reserved.
Week of May 26, 1946



Painting by Willy Pogany—**Aucassin and Nicolette**—*The World's Most Poetic Romance Retold by John Erskine*

THE Captain, as you know, shut up Nicolette in his tower, with an old woman to watch her. Count Garin, Aucassin's father, would have put her to death, had he known where she was. Aucassin himself lay in a dungeon cell, prisoner to his cruel parent, until he should be cured of his love for Nicolette.

Strong bars were across the cell window, and Aucassin had nothing else to do but compose songs praising the beauty and charms of his sweet lady.

In her tower, Nicolette thought of Aucassin. It was May. The moon shone and a nightingale sang. The caretaker had fallen asleep.

Nicolette put on her best gown, made a rope of sheets, towels and napkins, knotted one end to a pillar and let herself down to the garden.

Her yellow hair was curled, her eyes were blue, she had a well-bred nose, her lips were cherries and her teeth small and white. Her waist was so small that two hands might have clasped it.

Wandering through Beaucaire, she came to a dilapidated dungeon, heard someone singing a love song, and recognized the voice of Aucassin.

(Next week Mr. Erskine will tell about the lovers' sad parting.)

DANGER in Day-Dreams

They're One Kind of Escape From Unpleasant Reality, and They're All Right So Long As They Can Be Realized. But Preoccupation with Impossible Dreams Brings Discontent and Disaster.

Building Castles in Spain Is All Very Well, but Too Often the Build-Up Leads Only to a Bitter Let-Down

By Frank Conniff

TAKE it from Broadway's Betty Field, it's a wise woman who knows when her day-dreams are going too far and learns how to harness them to the realities of life, so they'll be an advantage instead of a detriment.

"Dream all you want to," she says, "so long as your dreams can be realized. Make sure you run the dreams—don't let them run you."

Miss Field, a pert, flaxen-haired young woman of manifold talents, qualifies as something of an authority on wishful thinking. Not by virtue of college degrees, exactly. Her stature as a delineator of day-dreams, their cause and effect, prevention and cure, stems from a connection with "Dream Girl," a Broadway hit.

Not only is Miss Field the star of the play, she also happens to be the wife of Elmer Rice, who wrote it. So it's not surprising that she has done a bit of meditation upon the subject of wishful thinking and its effects, good and bad, on the distaff side.

Her conclusion, revealed in a recent interview for The American Weekly, is that a woman can be thankful for her day-dreams if she knows how to handle them.

It would be unwise, however, for, let us say, a wife to let day-dreams of being surrounded by admirers ruin her home-life. Likewise a stenographer and a bookkeeper should keep wishful thinking from spoiling their work.

In his play, Mr. Rice presents an amusing study of the adverse reactions wishful dreaming can have upon a susceptible woman. His appealing character wafts through a never-never land of fantasy for the better part of three acts. The genuine pleasures of life, dangling within her grasp, are solidly snubbed. Her roseate dreams provide the anodyne for inner emotional ills, and the actualities can go to heck. She is saved, however, by the discovery of The Right Man, who jerks her back to earth just in time to beat the closing curtain. Result: a happy ending, a contented audience, cheers from the critics, and lines at the box office.

"I don't think Elmer wanted to condemn day-dreaming entirely in the play," Miss Field said. "He realizes everybody day-dreams more or less, himself included. What he is trying to point out is that the woman is letting happiness slip through her fingers by letting fantasies dominate her.

"I think Elmer means to show that day-dreams can be helpful. A young girl in the theatre, for instance, can dream of becoming a great star and have that dream spur her to greatness.

"Or a business woman might dream of becoming more successful financially. Her dreams might prompt her to work harder; to learn all she possibly could about her business."

"I dreamed about making the grade in the theatre," she added.

Modesty forbade Miss Field from saying how well she had realized those youthful yearnings. No such inhibition need restrain us.

Betty Field is an eloquent example of how to be happy though a mother, an actress, and the wife of one of the theatre's yeastiest temperaments.

Descended from sturdy New England stock, Miss Field plunged into theatrical life at the ripe old age of 14. The intervening 15 years have encompassed the ups and downs of hoary tradition. The ascending curves slowly became more regular than the dips, and soon the blond, doe-eyed starlet was winning critical praise in "Three Men on a Horse," "What a Life," "Room Service," and other robust Broadway hits. Hollywood wooed her and she clicked in the screen version of "Of Mice and Men." Then she returned to Broadway.

Four years ago she married Mr. Rice, author of "Street Scene," "On Trial," and other noteworthy epics. They live in an 11-room house in Stamford, Conn. They have two children, John, three, and Judy, two.

In agreement with Miss Field, Dr. Portia Hamilton, noted psychologist and author, gives the following tests by which women can tell if the habit of day-dreaming is rapidly becoming dangerous:

If you don't care about people who should be close to you—your husband, children, friends, relatives—your dreams mean more to you than your real life.

If you don't care how you look.

If your daily dress doesn't fit the ordinary requirements of your work.

If you are afraid of friendship.

If you are indifferent to the opinion of people you should care about.

If you use coarse or abusive language when you shouldn't.

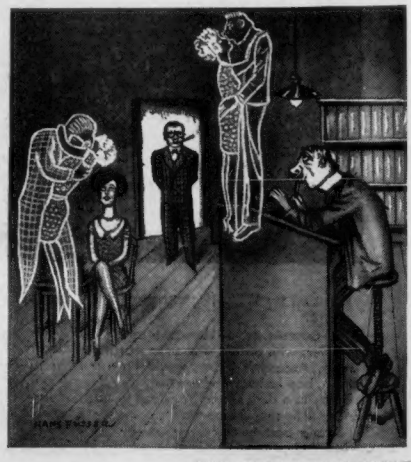
If you can't keep your mind on what's being said to you.

If you don't adapt yourself to the demands of your environment.

If you keep talking about yourself and are only interested when the conversation revolves around you.

The pendulum swing from fantasy to reality, says Dr. Hamilton, leaves many women spent, dispirited, an easy prey to remorse that often unhinges their reasoning faculties.

Medical science has a word for women who commute with frantic regularity between reality and fantasy—schizophrenia, or split personality. The true schizophrenic's need of medical treatment is usually evident. But the "schizoid"—a person with tendencies toward schizophrenia—often escapes recognition. Secretly, furtively, she indulges herself in fancy patterns that poison any appreciation of her real life. The good things of living that might be hers, the genuine enjoyment she might derive from the world around her, are sacrificed on the altar of her fantasies.



The Bookkeeper Dreams of the Secretary and She Dreams of the Boss. And If He Dreams of Either, It's Probably in a Nightmare.

Illustrated by R. F. SCHABELITZ

DOCTORS PROVE 2 out of 3 Women can have LOVELIER SKIN IN 14 DAYS!

GLOOMY SUNDAY AGAIN! NO DATE, NO NOTHING— JUST ME AND MY DINGY COMPLEXION!
NO BRAINS, EITHER, KAY—IF YOU DON'T GET STARTED ON THE 14-DAY PALMOLIVE PLAN SOON!

WAS IT THE PALMOLIVE PLAN THAT DID SO MUCH FOR YOUR COMPLEXION, ALICE?
OF COURSE—AND IT'S PROBABLY ALL YOU NEED! YOU KNOW, 36 DOCTORS—LEADING SKIN SPECIALISTS—TESTED THIS PLAN ON 1285 WOMEN AND PROVED IT CAN BRING A LOVELIER COMPLEXION TO 2 OUT OF 3... IN JUST 14 DAYS!

IT WORKED FOR ME— YOU TRY IT, TOO! JUST A-B-C— IS ALL YOU DO!
A WASH YOUR FACE WITH PALMOLIVE SOAP!
B THEN, FOR 60 SECONDS, MASSAGE WITH PALMOLIVE'S SOFT, LOVELY LATHER. RINSE!
C DO THIS 3 TIMES A DAY FOR 14 DAYS. THIS CLEANSING MASSAGE BRINGS YOUR SKIN PALMOLIVE'S FULL BEAUTIFYING EFFECT!

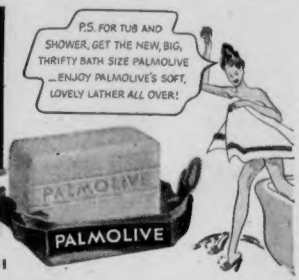
YOU, TOO, may look for these skin improvements in only 14 DAYS!

IF you want a complexion the envy of every woman—the admiration of every man—start the 14-Day Palmolive Plan tonight!

Remember, the Palmolive Plan was tested on 1285 women of all ages—from fifteen to fifty—with all types of skin. Dry! Oily! Normal! Young! Older! And 2 out of 3 of these women got noticeable improvement in just 14 days! No matter what skin care they had used before.

Reason enough for every woman who longs for a lovelier complexion to start this new Beauty Plan with Palmolive Soap!

Less Oily . . . . . .
Smoother, Younger looking . . . .
Less Coarse-looking . . . .
Fewer Tiny Blemishes—
Less Incipient Blackheads . . .
Fresher . . . . . .
Brighter, Clearer Color . . .


P.S. FOR TUB AND SHOWER, GET THE NEW, BIG, THRIFTY BATH SIZE PALMOLIVE —ENJOY PALMOLIVE'S SOFT, LOVELY LATHER ALL OVER!
PALMOLIVE
PALMOLIVE

DOCTORS PROVE PALMOLIVE'S BEAUTY RESULTS!

"Big washes don't get me down since I've had Super Suds' FLOODS O' SUDS!"

"Super Suds' spunky suds work so hard... even a heavy wash seems lighter!" says

Mrs. Marie Miller

DON'T WASTE SOAP!
It uses scarce materials

"B-L-O-N-D-I-E!" SUNDAY NIGHTS COLUMBIA NETWORK

"I send Henry and Marie off to school, knowing their clothes are spotless clean. That means big washes...but I get lots of help from sudsy Super Suds. Even grimy play clothes wash up plumb clean with little rubbing!"

"It's a pleasure to see how snowy my linens wash up. But I never add anything strong...those heaps of hard-working suds are all I need. That and so little rubbing help save wear!"

"FLIMSY LITTLE SUDS THAT DON'T HOLD UP ARE A DESPAIR WHEN YOU'VE GOT A BIG WASH TO DO!"
"NOW YOU JUST KNOW UNDISSOLVED LUMPS DON'T MAKE SUDS...BUT THEY MAKE RINSING TROUBLE FOR SURE!"
LESS EFFICIENT SOAP
NEW Super Suds
"NOW THIS IS A PICTURE...HEAPS OF SPUNKY SUDS FROM SUPER SUDS AND WHAT LONG LASTERS!"
"NO BIG UNDISSOLVED STUFF HERE...ALL OF SUPER SUDS SEEMS TO MAKE SUDS. A BIG SOAP SAVING!"

Make the "milk-bottle suds test." Shake up a teaspoon of Super Suds and a glass of water—even hard or cool—in a milk-bottle. Notice how Super Suds piles up heaps of rich, thick, long-lasting suds compared with less efficient soaps!

Saga of the Sacrificed

A Plastic Surgeon Tells How He Remodeled Men's Features So That They Could Do Deeds of Secret Heroism, and of How Some Wanted Their Old Looks Back—and Some Didn't

By George Sava

Famous English Plastic Surgeon and Author

By Means of a Graft of Bone From His Shin, He Acquired a Jutting, Determined Jaw. He Became a Legend in the Dutch Underground.

IT WAS all I could do to keep my glance on the man seated opposite me in my consulting room. His face was a nightmare, cheeks scarred, mouth twisted. The eyes held a malevolent expression, that of the hunted turned hunter.

It was not his looks, however, that made me shudder so much as the fact that it was I who had made him look this way.

A Norwegian named Sigurd, he first had come to me two years ago. He was handsome then, devil-may-care, the sort of person you were attracted to immediately. It was not my idea to turn him into a gargoyle. It was his—and that of the War Office. I merely obeyed orders.

I am a plastic surgeon. As such, I was assigned by the British Government the extraordinary task of giving new faces to the spies and resistance agents, who were to be smuggled into occupied Europe.

It was impossible to entrust these men to the theatrical make-up artist. Their disguises had to be more than superficial, in many cases more than skin deep, for they were intended to deceive the world's greatest skeptics, the Gestapo.

So I spent five years making young men look old; handsome men, ugly; ugly men, handsome—all in the interest of patriotism. One after another they passed through my operating room. The more unrecognizable they were when they emerged the better for their assignments.

Now the assignments all were completed. The war was over. Out of the darkness that had swallowed them, my former "patients" had begun to drift back, some I am sorry to say, with previously undreamed-of postwar problems, resulting from their transformations.

When Sigurd entered my office some weeks ago, it did not take much imagination to guess what had brought him here.

He had had to impersonate a victim of the worst Nazi concentration camp methods. The appearance his task called for was that of a man who, through torture and suffering, had changed his views to become a quisling in the country that had given the word quisling to the world.

He had submitted to the required mutilations because he was a man of great spirit. Besides, he had believed his mission would end in death, so the future had not mattered.

Instead, he had come through. Now he was back, to ask me, I was sure, to make a man of him again. I would have to tell him it was impossible; the change had been too great.

Seeming to divine my thought, he favored me with a grimace—his equivalent of a smile—and remarked: "Don't worry, Doctor. I haven't come for another operation. I'm quite satisfied the way I am."

When I could not hide my surprise, he went on: "Before the war, I was a lawyer—and hated it. I longed to be a biologist and study our native animals, but the law was the profession of my family. I was trapped in the law. Now, of course, it is out of the question. With this face every member of a jury would be against me. So, you see, you have freed me, Doctor..."

His father had left him a little money, enough for his simple tastes. He was going north, he said, to live among the Arctic animals he loved.

"They will not mind whether I am Adonis or the devil himself." He laughed, then gave me a shrewd glance. "I see you have your doubts. Yes, there is more to the story. There was a girl. When we met again after the war, she could not bear the sight of me. She screamed and ran..."

That dreadful face of his was drawn with suffering at the memory. He added: "The foxes and hares do not judge by appearances. I shall be happier with them."

"I am sorry," I said lamely.

"There is no need for sorrow," he replied. "I am better free of a woman whose loyalty was so shallow..." Standing, he held out his hand. "I just dropped in to thank you—and to say good-by."

The tragic undertones of his visit stayed with me after he had gone. They still were there in my mind when, a week later, I received a call from another wartime patient, Captain Gretner, one of the most brilliant liaison officers of the secret division of the British War Office.

The Hollander Came to the Surgeon to Have His Weak Chin Built Up So That He Could Lead a Resistance Movement.

All through the war Gretner had been employed in missions to the Continent. Each time he had to go as a different person, and it had been my job to fit him for his various parts.

At first the problem seemed insuperable, but at length I worked out a technique of fat grafts—or rather fat injections beneath the skin. When permanent results are desired, the only sure method is to use fat obtained from some other part of the patient's own body, for the human system has a healthy habit of throwing out all kinds of foreign invaders. But, in the operations on Gretner, fat procured from other people was employed, and the results were exactly as desired.

The changes would last only a few weeks, the time required for his mission. Then his body would absorb the injection, his appearance return to normal. I forget how many times he came to me, but each time he left an entirely different man. Successively, I made him old, fat, thin, German, French and Dutch.

Now it was as though the changes never had been. He had his own face back and, so far as I could see, no problem at all, for it was an unusually attractive face.

I was mistaken, though. To my astonishment he wanted to resume his French appearance, permanently this time.

"It may strike you as strange," he said, "but my future depends on it."

Then he told me his story. On his mission to France, in the character of a man named Raoul Lemeseurier, he had become friendly with one of the big wine growers of the champagne country. This man, Chatelle, had offered him exactly the kind of postwar job he wanted. The offer still was open, but only to Raoul Lemeseurier. As himself, as Gretner, he wouldn't stand a chance, he was sure, for, besides the difficulty of explaining his altered looks, there would be the fact that he was English—and Chatelle hated all Englishmen.

"And there's an even more important reason," he went on earnestly. "Out there I met a French girl—her name's Jeanne. We agreed to marry after the war. Now, how am I going to pull that off if I've lost my Gallic charm and look precisely what I am, a demobed temporary captain in the British Army?"

We argued a while but he was determined, so a week later the operations were begun. Altogether I performed five separate operations. Then I handed him a mirror and waited for the reaction. His exclamation, "Nobody'd think me English now!" proclaimed his delight.

Just a few days ago, over the telephone, he added the final sentences to his story. He'd seen Chatelle, the job was his. And so was Jeanne.

The denouement in the case of Pieter van Roolte, another War Office patient, who recently paid me a return visit, was quite unexpected.

We had met for the first time in 1943. A Hollander, Pieter was determined to fight for his oppressed country. But his face was against him. Never had I seen a face of such apparent weakness on a man of so much mettle.

AFTER consultations, I set to work on him. I built up his poor, curving jaw by means of a bone graft from his shin. His nose was given a new bridge, his mouth drawn upwards at the corners by an operation similar to the one used in face-lifting. Pieter became in fact the man he always had felt himself to be. His name became a legend in the Dutch resistance movement.

Now this hero was back where he'd started from, slumped in my chair, a picture of dejection. He wanted me to restore the timid appearance!

"I am not mad, Doctor," he assured me. "I will tell you how it happened. When at last I found my wife and the little son I had never seen, I was greeted with suspicion. Even yet my wife is not sure it's me. She says she believes, but I can tell by the way she looks at me that she does not. This fierce new face of mine frightens her. And it is the same with others who used to like me."

"Listen," I said. "Time works wonders. After a while your friends, your wife, everyone, will

Faces

But Now He Wanted the Old Chin Back! His Wife Barely Knew Him, Was Frightened by His New Face. And, the Son He Had Seen for the First Time Had a Weak Chin; the Neighbors Gossiped.

accept you as you are now."

"Yes, but—" he hesitated, glancing away. "It is my son. He is the image of what I used to be. Already people are looking at me, looking at my wife, then at him. They laugh and say it must have been hard for the women left behind, not knowing whether their husbands were alive or dead..."

"Can't you go away?" I asked.

"There still will be little Pieter," he replied. "Evil tongues are the same everywhere."

I told him the operation would be difficult, advising him to think it over for a day. He agreed. Returning the following afternoon, he seemed more at ease, less bowed down by his trouble.

"I am grateful to you, Doctor," he said. "You have listened to me and I know you have understood. It is, as you said, a matter of time. If I stay as I am, I shall feel strong enough to face it all, and when conditions improve I shall go abroad with my family and start again. If I were changed back to what I was, I should feel inferior again, and if they continued to talk, it would break me. Yes, you are right. It is better as it is. I must go home and face it out—" He laughed harshly. "That is a good phrase in this case, eh? To face it out—"

Pieter had plunged me into a feeling of depression. Had I fitted men for the grim tasks of war only to make tragedies of their peacetime lives? Probably I should have answered the question in the affirmative, if it had not been for still another visitor.

Before I recognized him he burst into a torrent of French. I had worked a miracle. I had saved his life? Why, by reshaping his nose and resetting his ears!

He had fought with the Maquis recklessly. It did not matter to him what happened, for the wife he adored no longer loved him and his affairs were in a mess.

No sooner was France freed than he had been served with divorce papers. In a frenzy he set out for the small village in the south where he had lived. At first his wife, Yvette, refused to see him. Then she relented.

"She looked at me, M'sieur, and would not believe it was I. But at last I convinced her. It was a great moment! 'But Paul,' she said, 'you are handsome!' Never shall I forget those marvelous words! I took her in my arms, and now—there are no divorce papers!..."

"BUT it is not all! I am a new man. I look distinguished. I am handsome. I am to be trusted. And so I am appointed the new village postman. There are not words enough to thank you, M'sieur!"

All this because of the tilt of a nose and the set of a pair of ears! I could not help recalling Shakespeare's words, "There is a divinity that shapes our ends, rough-hew them how we will—" No other comment seemed needed. This one covered all four cases, and I let them go with that.

Illustrated by WILLIAM RANDALL

The Story

IN THE late afternoon of June 22, 1910, Mrs. W. P. G. Harding, a celebrated Southern beauty and wife of the president of the First National Bank of Birmingham, Alabama, killed herself.

A few minutes later, Guy R. Johnson, prominent clubman, also committed suicide.

The city's two leading newspapers, the morning Age-Herald and the evening Ledger, printed brief accounts of those two tragedies on separate inside pages, as if they were in no way related.

Acting on a hunch, the editors of the weak and tottering Birmingham News set out to find evidence that the two tragedies were related. They soon succeeded. That placed in their hands one of the greatest stories that ever broke in the South.

In the face of concentrated pressure from outstanding citizens and heavy advertisers, did they dare print the truth they had uncovered?

Paul Gallico tells in this concluding instalment how they met this crisis that could either make or break their paper.

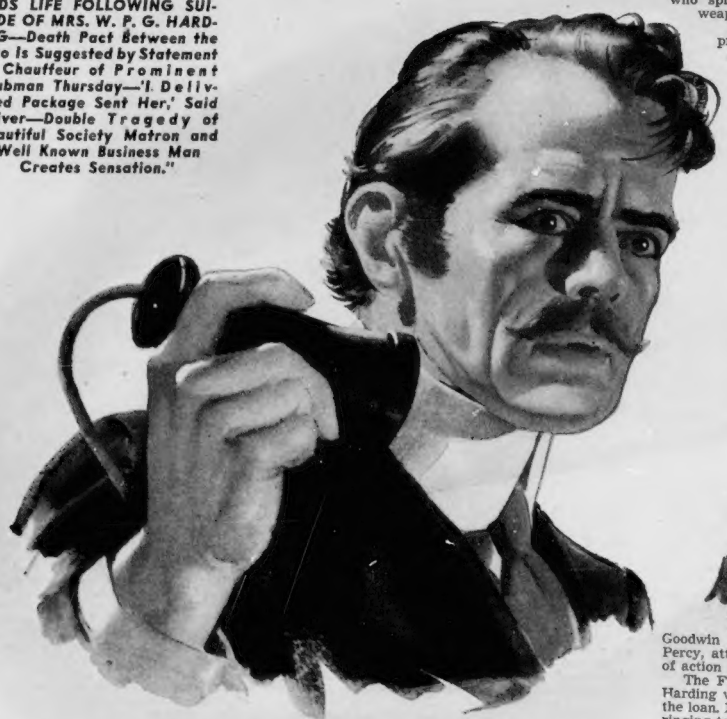
By Paul Gallico

CHAPTER II

ALL Birmingham seemed to know within a few hours that the News had a red hot story in its office and was planning to publish it, which was not surprising. Others had access to the same source, the Johnson chauffeur who spilled the beans about taking the fatal weapon over to Mrs. Harding's house.

What followed was an attempt to suppress news. No one could quarrel with the facts the newspaper had. The game was to try to high-pressure the News to refrain from printing them and to cover up the two first families of Birmingham by treating the story as had the Age-Herald and the Ledger.

"Go Ahead, Buford, and Print the Story," Said Hanson. "And Make It Good!" And That Afternoon the Three-Column Heading Read: "GUY JOHNSON ENDS LIFE FOLLOWING SUICIDE OF MRS. W. P. G. HARDING—Death Pact Between the Two Is Suggested by Statement of Chauffeur of Prominent Clubman Thursday—'I Delivered Package Sent Her,' Said Driver—Double Tragedy of Beautiful Society Matron and Well Known Business Man Creates Sensation."



While the publishing partners, Victor Hanson and Frank P. Glass, and their managing editor and city editor, Buford Goodwin and J. D. Gortatowsky, and Walker Percy, attorney for the News, conferred, threats of action against the paper began to pour in.

The First National Bank, of which W. P. G. Harding was president, advised that it would call the loan. Important advertisers kept the telephone ringing to say they would never run another line of advertising if the story were printed. While Lawyer Percy was reading the story for possible libel an order came through to cancel a double-truck, two page ad, already cast.

Walker Percy finished reading the story and the four other men watched him anxiously.

"As your counsel I advise you that you have a legal right to print the story. As your friend,

Illustrated by WENDELL KLING

that made a NEWSPAPER

I advise you not to," Percy told the group.

Certainly, ruin stared them all in the face. The already shaky sheet could not expect to survive the threatened loss of revenue. The conference continued. The card of a department store executive was brought in. He had come in person to threaten to cancel his contract. They let him wait. Glass said—"Victor, I think we ought to take Walker Percy's advice..."

HANSON wiped the sweat from his high-domed head. He turned to Goodwin and asked—"What do you think?"

The mild-mannered, fighting little managing editor, collarless in the heat, reached into the pocket of his open vest and drew forth a damp and crumpled clipping. Then he said:

"Mr. Glass, I want to read you something you said in an editorial you wrote four months ago when you took over the editorship of this paper." He read: "'We will print the facts as we know them and let the chips fall where they may!'" Then he looked up. "Now, Mr. Glass, it's just a question of whether you meant what you said."

ELEVEN states have statutes protecting a newspaperman from being compelled to reveal the sources of his information. New York has a similar bill pending. Occasionally a reporter must risk personal injury and even death in maintaining the freedom of the press. In this and future issues The American Weekly will tell some of the great newspaper stories.

"Well," Glass replied, "I leave it up to Victor."

Hanson brushed sweat from his broad face and groaned. "Buford, I always said that I wanted to own a newspaper and that when I did I wanted Walker Percy for a lawyer and Buford Goodwin for a managing editor. I've got them. But here's the spot we're in." He outlined the desperate financial situation and concluded with—"If we print the story we won't have a newspaper."

"If you don't print the story you won't have a newspaper either," Goodwin said. "You'll have a doormat for that crowd to wipe their feet on. You're sunk anyway. I say to Hell with 'em and let's go down with our colors flying! But I'm betting that in the long run we get away with it!"

Hanson's head came up as though he had heard a bugle call. "All right, Buford. Go ahead and print the story. And make it good!"

The News smacked the story all over Page 1, that afternoon, and smacked it hard under the three-column head "GUY JOHNSON ENDS LIFE FOLLOWING SUICIDE OF MRS. W. P. G. HARDING—Death Pact Between the Two Is Suggested by Statement of Chauffeur of Prominent Clubman Thursday—'I Delivered Package Sent Her' Said Driver—Double Tragedy of Beautiful Society Matron and Well Known Business Man Creates Sensation."

The story itself held strictly to the facts and went no further than to indicate the close friendship between the two families and the inevitable rumors that might give rise to a suicide pact between Mr. Johnson and Mrs. Harding. It called attention to the fact that only a few minutes separated the two death shots fired in the two homes and featured the statement made by Chauffeur Roy Jones. As quoted in the story Jones said to the reporter: "I delivered a mighty suspicious-looking package to her yesterday."

"DID you deliver it from Mr. Johnson's house?"

"Yes, I delivered it from Mr. Johnson's hands into hers."

"Was the package heavy?"

"Yes, it was pretty heavy."

"Do you know what was in it?"

"No, but I can guess. I gave the package to Mrs. Harding about 4:15 o'clock and left the house almost immediately. A little ways up the road I had a breakdown. In a few minutes I heard a Negro driving a car, come up the road from the Harding yard like a house afire, and I suspected then what had happened."

All editions of the News, carrying the story, sold out in a short time. But the next day, all the threats against the paper were made good. The First National Bank called its loan. The advertisers yanked their copy.

Those who looked forward to the demise of the News failed to take two things into consideration—the fighting hearts of Hanson, Goodwin and Gorty, and an odd break in the gloom around the plant.

A day or so later, Colonel Thomas O. Smith, vice president of the Birmingham Trust & Savings Co., called on Hanson and said: "I hear the First National Bank has called your loan."

With the Story, Which Spread All Over Page 1, the News Ran This Two-Column Photograph of Mrs. W. P. G. Harding.

"That's right, Sir."

"Can you pay it?"

Hanson just laughed.

"All right, Sir," said Colonel Thomas O. Smith, "You give it to me. I'll take it over. What this town needs is some guts, and you've got it!"

Goodwin and Gorty went to work. They corralled their employes and even hired strangers as canvassers. Each was supplied with copies of the Age-Herald, the Ledger and the News and directed to go through Birmingham ringing doorbells. They were to display the three newspapers to all who answered and ask:

"Which would you rather have, a paper that prints the news without fear or favor, or a paper which suppresses news; a paper which protects and favors the rich over the poor, or a paper which treats rich and poor alike?"

It is axiomatic that the poor will always outnumber the rich. It was that way in Birmingham in 1910. Within a matter of days the News outstripped the Ledger in circulation. Within a year it had passed the dignified and all-powerful Age-Herald and thereafter it was never headed.

The News had behaved the way a newspaper worth its salt must behave. It had printed the news. As a result the circulation had skied fantastically. If the citizens with things to sell in Birmingham wanted to get their message across, they had to use the News. In six months their advertising was back, and the courageous paper safe.

That one story, the tragedy of Amanda Harding and Guy Johnson, and the News's treatment of it as legitimate and printable news, had put it over. Ten years later in April of 1920, the News bought the Ledger. In March of 1927 the News purchased the Age-Herald and went on to become one of the strongest papers in the South.

All of the men involved in that exciting story have passed on to their rewards, or moved up to bigger jobs—the young Gorty, for instance, who helped make Birmingham journalistic history is today general manager of all Hearst newspapers. But the memories of those thrilling days live on with them as do occasional echoes of the tragedy of Amanda Harding, the sweet and beautiful blond matron of 33 summers who loved flowers and laughter and children and who had everything to live for, and Guy Johnson, "...personally one of the most pleasing of men," to quote the News story on the fatal day.

The why and wherefore of their grim suicide pact has never been solved.

If one knows the era and the community and the quality of its society, one can understand and conjecture and perhaps even approximate the truth. For love each other they must have done.

THOSE were other times and other people and they were laced by the strait-jacket of a rigid code of breeding and custom and manners.

Guy Johnson could not even send her a little gift or token of his love, but one, the "mighty suspicious looking package" that weighed so heavily because it was death wrapped up in a paper box.

Other great newspaper stories of this type will appear in early issues.

3 MISSES WHO COULD HAVE BEEN HITS!

Betty and Sally and Lou are in the know—when it comes to *picking* clothes. But it's sure too bad no one told 'em how gentle Ivory Flakes Care helps to *keep* pretty duds pretty! They wouldn't be missing out now if they'd taken care and washed their smart dresses and sweaters and stockings gently in pure, mild Ivory Flakes!

The smartest steno in the office has an inferiority complex today. No wonder! *Runs* look better on a baseball score than in a glamour gal's stockings. Buck up, Betty. Get longer wear from the sheerest stockings! Dunk 'em in Ivory Flakes suds every time you take 'em off!

A prettier gal you won't find on any campus. But Sal's a "shrinking violet" at the big game. Something's squeezing her and it isn't her date! Next time, Sally, treat your sweaters to gentle Ivory Flakes Care. It helps save 'em from shrinking—keeps 'em bright and cuddly twice as long!

A glamour dish is Lou—but just now the boys aren't having any! Lou feels washed-up 'cause her dress is such a wash-out. Get smart, Lou! Colors fade when you treat 'em rough and use the wrong kind of soap. Let pure, mild Ivory Flakes help keep *your* colors flying!

Mary Lewis, Famous Fashion Authority, gives tip:

"You've got to *be* smart to *look* smart," says Mary Lewis, president of Mary Lewis, Inc., and one of America's foremost originators of fashions for 'teens and twenties.

"I've seen so many girls with good taste go wrong," explains Mary Lewis. "They buy smart clothes, then ruin them with careless washing and the wrong kind of soap. Girls who are really smart play safe with gentle Ivory Flakes Care!"

It's true! Over and over again, wash tests on all sorts of sudsables have proved gentle Ivory Flakes Care gives up to *twice* the wear! Try it and see how much longer your pretty duds stay pretty.

Head for **TWICE the WEAR with IVORY FLAKES CARE**

Lament of a Modern Juliet

By Irving Johnson

NEW YORK society's most memorable Romeo and Juliet romance is over. Eileen and George Lowther have parted and beautiful Eileen says she's merely fallen out of love with the young man she couldn't live without six years ago.

Eileen was 20 and George 30, when her rich and social father, Walter R. Herrick, former New York City Park Commissioner, barred her forever from seeing her persevering Romeo. Papa Herrick felt that George, Yale graduate and insurance man, was too much of the man-about-town for her.

Eileen complained she was even kept a prisoner of the family for months, first at the town house in New York and then at the Herrick summer place at Wainscott, L. I.

Yet young love found a way and just when the elder Herrick thought it was all over Eileen and George eloped by air and were married in the snow country at North Conway, N. H.

Now the love that would not die in 1940 is dead in 1946.

There were no quarrels or clashes of will or temperament, Eileen says, only an interminable succession of disagreements and grievances—some too small to gather from memory.

The parting six months ago was friendly and the couple still correspond regularly, according to Eileen, who says there is no other man for her and no other Juliet for George.

As she looks back on the marriage of great expectations and its unforeseen ending, she shakes her dark hair in pretty confusion and says, "It's just one of those things."

Of the daring young man in the flying machine who eloped with her after New Year's, 1940, in defiance of her stern parent, Eileen now says:

"I have nothing against him. He's a wonderful boy."

She remembers love's beginning and their plight in the fall of 1939 when they wanted to get married—and how her father kept them apart.

While Eileen was kept under parental surveillance then, she managed to smuggle out a note to George, promising "they'll never keep us apart unless they kill me." In court, where George twice won the right to see her, but didn't, she pledged her undying love for him.

Once, on learning she was at the Wainscott place, George went there and later said he was pushed off the grounds by detectives.

Mrs. Herrick said her daughter's Romeo used to take her to places with a "reputation" and friends of the couple insisted that the ban on the marriage resulted from George's earlier engagement to a night club singer.

A suggestion George was penniless brought indignant denial from his two maiden aunts, Clara and Margaretta Lowther, who said his background is "definitely superior." The Misses Lowther are owners of a sumptuous Greenwich, Conn., estate.

Through all this, the Herricks managed to keep Eileen out of his sight—until January 4, 1940. Back in Manhattan then, she was walking her dog when she met George and drove with him to a Long Island airport. The flight to New Hampshire followed.

After the marriage Eileen and George moved into the apartment of George's father, George, Sr. The Herricks said she could come home any time, but not her husband.

Later the couple appeared in a revival of "Blossom Time" in Miami. Then they returned to New York and moved to California. Eileen played bit parts in the movies and George engaged in the insurance business, afterwards taking a wartime position with an aircraft company.

All the time, however, the love tide was ebbing, gradually, at first imperceptibly.

"There was his lack of attention," says Eileen. "He just began taking me for granted.

"He was always complaining about something. He always insisted on driving an open car with the top down, winter and summer. We argued constantly on that."

Eileen smiles wryly when she recalls the outcome. "I wanted it up," she says, "but it was mostly down."

"He was always complaining how tired he was," she continues. "It aggravated him that I did nothing all day, but when I went to work to solve the problem, it didn't help. It just complicated matters more than ever."

Out of love eight months before the final split-up, Eileen explains: "I tried to make the best of it. It seemed a shame we should break up after five years. Then, when I realized it was no go, I just up and left."

While George stayed in Beverly Hills, Calif., Eileen returned to her native New York and signed for the ingenue part in Dave Wolper's "By Appointment Only." An attack of pneumonia took her out of the cast during rehearsals and the show closed in Boston before she returned.

Eileen's not planning a new marriage. "I don't fall in and out of love so easily," she says.

She may get her divorce in Reno, Las Vegas or California—"I have friends in California and can wait a year for a final decree. You see, I'm not interested in remarrying."

A reconciliation with George? No, says Eileen—"That was a mistake."

Eileen (Juliet) Herrick (Left) Was a Prisoner of Her Father for Months Before Flying Off With Her Manhattan Romeo—Now, Six Years Later, She's Decided She Should Have Listened to Papa.

Illustrated by E. CHIRIACKA

If You Feel Like Letting Your Hair Down—Let It Down, Advise These Divorce Court Jurists. Turbulent Emotions Too Long Held in Check Can Wreck Your Marriage.

Those LONG-WEDDED Reno JUDGES

They've Seen Thousands of Marriages Wrecked That Might Have Been Saved With More Argument and Less Martyrdom

DISTRICT Judge A. J. Maestretti, who has passed out thousands of divorces in Reno's "civilian separation center," proudly boasts that he and the wife to whom he has been married for 45 years have never had a quarrel in their home.

"We always went out in the backyard," adds the Nevada jurist.

Like his colleague on the divorce court bench, District Judge William McKnight, who has managed to stay married for 39 years even though he, too, annually severs the ties which bind hundreds of couples, Judge Maestretti thinks if husbands and wives indulged in more argument and less martyrdom there'd be far fewer divorces.

Spats, tiffs and squabbles, and an occasional no-holds-barred melee are inevitable in all marriages—so don't wreck your lives trying to avoid them, advise the judges.

In professing such beliefs, the two jurists identify themselves with the let-your-hair-down school of psychology which argues that while throwing plates may be hard on the neighbors, it clears up the atmosphere in the disputants' home and gets things back on an even emotional keel.

Neither of the judges believes in arguing for the sake of an argument, or in prolonging disputes indefinitely.

"Stubbornness is all right for a while," says Judge McKnight, "but sooner or later one must give in, and in my marriage it was generally me. When one gives in it seems to me that it strengthens the marriage tie—it seems to end the threat to the marriage."

Along the same line, Judge Maestretti condemned people "who can never forget a quarrel, and who resume it at every opportunity. This is going to lead into the divorce court because no one, especially one who is willing to forget it and make amends, is going to stand it forever."

What other ingredients go into a successful marriage?

Tolerance and a desire to make a success of marriage should not be overlooked, counsels Maestretti.

"Marriage is a contract under our law—designated as a civil contract, but apparently most people give more study to a partnership involving even a small investment than they do to any consideration of the partnership intended by marriage. After marriage, there should be the same attitude on the part of husband and wife that in any other contract would have the tendency to build a successful business.

"There should be tolerance," continues Judge Maestretti, "on the part of each of the parties for the thoughts, desires and rights of the other."

Judges A. J. Maestretti (Above) and William McKnight (Right) Have Remained Happily Married a Total of 84 Years While Issuing Thousands of Divorces to Reno's Unhappy Pilgrims.

In divorce cases where there are children, or where lurking on the horizon is "the other woman" or "the other man" of the eternal triangle, Maestretti makes every effort to get the couple together in his chambers.

He then excuses himself, makes it a point to stay away for a half hour or more after telling the couple to wait for him, and then returns to see what happened in his absence.

"You'd be surprised to see how often this results in a reconciliation," says Judge Maestretti. "But, unfortunately, there are many failures. They just do not seem to be able to sit down alone and think these things over."

Had these couples indulged in a little plain and fancy name-calling before they applied for relief to the divorce courts, chances are they might never have reached the breaking-up stage.

Psychologists, in agreement with the Reno judges, have pointed out that suppressed emotions, real or fancied wrongs or slights too long hoarded will wreck any relationship, business or marital.

Worse, for the party involved, such suppression can produce a baker's dozen complexes and dangerously undermine mental health.

One of the chief stumbling blocks in a happy marriage is the simple fact that husband and wife do not understand each other. The husband, for instance, may not care for certain of his wife's tastes in clothes, while she, on the other hand, may feel that he could with considerable social profit improve his table manners.

Do they tell each other about these matters in a few, down-to-earth "home forums?" No, they carry their little crosses in silence, each with an air of martyrdom, adding new grievances from time to time until the divorce court becomes the only place they can deposit their burden.

According to psychologists, had such a couple argued it out each time a grievance arose, disposing of that particular issue for all time, theirs could have been a happy marriage.

Even with an accumulation of unspoken grievances, it is possible still to clear the air with a rousing set-to, so long as it adjourns before reaching the arm-breaking stage, and, once disposed of, is forgotten.

The latter point, say the psychologists, is extremely important—if you want to stay married. If you lose the argument, accept the decision in good grace and relegate the issue to the past. Forget about it. Don't bring it up again. Too much argument can be just as disastrous to any human relationship involving good will as too little argument.

If, on the other hand, you persuade your mate you're in the right, don't start strutting all around the house.

Remember, too, that the holier-than-thou person is just as unbearable as the martyr, sometimes more so. Nothing is more calculated to touch off an argument than the sanctimonious individual who lets it be known by a certain attitude, rather than by word or deed, that he or she is beyond the pale of human error.

To couples who would like to stay married, this is sage advice from the two Reno judges who have seen their own formula for happiness disregarded in the lives of thousands of others: tackle those molehills while they're still only molehills, and later on you won't have to climb any mountains.

Illustrated by OZNI BROWN

Better by Far

—the new, smarter, sturdier 1946 Body by Fisher

NOW that you can make your own comparisons, see for yourself why you've been smart to wait for a car with Body by Fisher.

Here are beauty, safety, comfort—*plus* new and even higher standards of quality.

Note the long, low "let's go" look of gracefully sleek contours. Look at interior luxury that is rich not only in appearance but in the very feel of the upholstery. See the sparkling fittings of fresh and fine design that add new beauty to both front and rear compartments.

Then look into the extra safety and comfort features Fisher Body engineers have added.

Stepped-up Security and Comfort

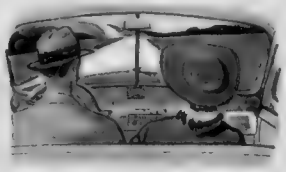
With its stout Unisteel Turret Top, Body by Fisher means *safety* now as it always has in the past.

Heavier metals have been used where they really count. Floors are specially ribbed for extra strength. Outer and inner door panels are welded into one solid unit.

As for comfort you, of course, get such famed Fisher Body features as No Draft Ventilation, Planned Vision, and Saftiseal Insulation. But you also ride on deeper padding between springs and upholstery which not only eases your ride but helps keep cushions in most comfortable shape.

Yes, it's Better by Far, this '46 Body by Fisher. And it marks cars with all the advantages more than 37 years of fine coachcraft experience can provide. Look for the Body by Fisher emblem, on General Motors cars, and get extra value not to be found elsewhere.

EXTRA STRONG door hinges attach the door to the pillar face; while doors themselves are constructed of two steel panels welded into one solid unit — a typical example of the extra security of the 1946 Body by Fisher.



PLANNED VISION provides for the scientific positioning of the V-shaped windshield and other windows to assure maximum visibility. Hi-Test Safety Plate Glass, accurately ground and polished, eases eye strain by preventing the distortion often present when ordinary safety sheet glass is used. Genuine Safety Plate Glass is used in side windows and Ventipanes as well as the windshields in General Motors cars. Such refinements as these are found throughout the 1946 Body by Fisher.

ONE BIG REASON why Chevrolet is "first in value," is its smart, roomy, safe and comfortable Body by Fisher. Chevrolet was first to bring big-car smartness and comfort into its price field.

Body by Fisher

BETTER BY FAR

Thousands of dollars in university scholarships and cash awards for best model Napoleonic coaches or miniature cars submitted by boys of 12-19 years inclusive. For information write: Fisher Body Craftsman's Guild, General Motors Bldg., Detroit 2, Michigan.

You get Body by Fisher
***only* on**
GENERAL MOTORS CARS

CHEVROLET
PONTIAC
OLDSMOBILE
BUICK
CADILLAC

BUSY Angna ENTERS

This Is Miss Enters' Sketch for Her Costume in "Carneval Lorette"

Mime, Dancer, Musician, Composer, Designer, Author, Playwright, Painter, Sculptor, Dressmaker—These Are a Few of the Things Miss Enters Is, and She Is Them Professionally, Too. At Left She Is Miming "Odalisque." P. S. She Also Cooks.

This Is Her Costume for "American Ballet 1914."

ANGNA ENTERS is perhaps the busiest individual in the art world today. She is mime, painter, sculptor, illustrator, writer of books, plays and film scenarios, designer of costumes and stage sets, composer and arranger of music. Self-taught and equally proficient in all, her careers grew out of a personal conviction that an artist should interpret as well as originate ideas.

When Angna Enters is miming—portraying her original form of impersonation—she is also a costume designer, dressmaker, musician, stage designer, actress, dancer, director and manager. The Theatre of Angna Enters is truly a one-woman show.

When she is an artist, Angna Enters is three in one. She is painter, sculptor and illustrator. Her current one-woman exhibit at the Newhouse Galleries in New York City includes figures in terra cotta; Hollywood studio compositions of spotlights, cameras and personalities; book illustrations; portraits and self-portraits; and French, Spanish and American scenes. In all, there are 64 items on display. But that's only this year's crop. Over the last 11 years of exhibits, Miss Enters' art entries have included 1,200 items.

Writing opens up many more facets of the Enters talent. Her book "First Person Plural" was enthusiastically received. Her second book, "Silly Girl," was a club selection. It is a self-illustrated volume (75 paintings and drawings) of the author's personal remembrances. A film company bought screen rights to the book and placed Miss Enters under contract to develop the story for the movies.

"Lost Angel," in which little Margaret O'Brien starred, was based on an original idea by Angna Enters. In June 1944, she sold a second original movie story idea, which was tentatively called "10th Avenue Angel."

Angna Enters has also written a play. "Love Possessed Juana" concerns itself with Inquisition Spain. It includes a musical score by the author, designs for stage settings and a preface on the modes, music and manners of medieval and modern Spain.

Angna Enters also cooks. She bakes her own bread and delights in making exotic Greek dishes. In what she calls her spare time she plays the piano.

Angna Enters discovered herself in 1926, when she had hit financial rock bottom. Up to that time she had snatched at various jobs—sometimes touring with a dancer, sometimes doing lettering for printing or advertising agencies—in order to pay for a few evenings of art instruction at the New York Art Students League. The lessons lasted two months and then the financial backlog had backed down to zero.

That's when the idea to give a miming recital struck her. She borrowed $25 for an evening's rental of the Greenwich Village Theatre and more money for printing handbills. These were distributed to names picked at random from the telephone book.

Miming, as she does it, is a new form of art. Where she got the idea, Angna Enters doesn't exactly know. It was an urge. Something inside her wanted to portray feelings—how a 16th century Spanish girl feels when she is dancing the slow pavana. The actual steps aren't so important, she says, as what goes on in the mind of the dancer. As for words—a single movement—a tilt of the head—can take the place of hundreds of words.

In Between Art Exhibits and Stage Appearances, Miss Enters Has Written Two Books, a Play, and Two Original Movie Ideas.

The idea caught on and after several more recitals, Angna Enters wasn't borrowing money any more. Two years later she made her London debut and was an immediate success. Since then she has mimed to enthusiastic audiences at home and abroad.

When planning a new miming skit, Angna Enters puts her ideas on canvas—planning costumes and scenery. She says her miming and painting are closely allied. She turns from one to the other when in need of relaxation. Painting has always fascinated her. She had to know why certain lines showed movement.

In 1933 Angna Enters held her first art exhibit. This led to two Guggenheim art scholarships. She went abroad to study Greek, Egyptian, Greco-Roman, Pompeian, Persian and Coptic art forms.

While in Europe, she also became a linguist. She speaks French, German, Spanish, Italian and Greek.

Angna Enters is intensely interested in people and things. She works hard—most people can't imagine a day long enough to get in all those professions.

She hasn't suffered from hard work. She doesn't look strained or tired. Her dark, exotic beauty should satisfy any adolescent's dream of what an artist looks like. Graceful movements belie her 39 years.

Artists are generally expected to be universal, and Angna Enters is no exception. She was born in New York, but you can't call her typically American. Nor is she typically French, or typically Spanish. Just as the arts have become one in her, so she also is a combination of many national characteristics. This may be due to her mixed parenthood—her father was Austrian, mother French.

Thirteen years of exceptional success have not tarnished the artist with vanity. When asked how it feels to be so talented, she answers simply, "It keeps me very busy."

SECRETARY ANDERSON SAYS

"THE *Greener* THE DAIRYLANDS . . . THE *Brighter* YOUR LIFE"

Your life, and the lives of millions around the world, depend as never before on America's green meadows and fields . . . on the will of American farmers to *produce.*

Right now, we need to conserve food . . . share food. But, in the long run, we need more food, not less—to share *life itself* and to build a lasting peace. We need more food for you . . . the nation . . . the world. More grain . . . more meat . . . more *milk,* source of our *butter, cheese, ice cream, evaporated* and *powdered milk.*

We need more milk and dairy foods because they are so indispensable to mankind. Peoples of the world who enjoy adequate amounts of dairy foods grow stronger, remain more virile and live longer than the peoples who must do without. But *saying* we need more milk . . . more meat . . . more grain . . . cannot *produce* even one single *ounce.*

We can enjoy abundance *only* if we assure the farmer the means to produce—*equipment, manpower,* and a *fair return* . . . and a ready, fully-employed market for his full production.

This production of plenty has always been the farmer's aim—ever since primitive man first scratched the soil with a stick, let fall the seed, and exulted with the harvest moon. This is his aim today. It is the *nation's* aim . . . *your* aim. Production of plenty must be our common goal.

So let us *make sure* the farmer is provided with the means to produce. Give him an honest return for his efforts. Let us *encourage* his production of foods for a better life for all mankind.

The greener grow the dairylands . . . the more productive all our farms . . . the brighter life for you.

Clinton P. Anderson

Secretary of Agriculture

ADA is a federation for nation-wide promotion, advertising and research activities supported by the dairy farmers throughout the country!

AMERICAN DAIRY ASSOCIATION

20 North Wacker Drive Building • Chicago 6, Illinois

a WAR MEMORIAL to Make Kids Happy

Terry Strain, Nine, Adds to the Happy Din at the Coral Gables War Memorial Youth Center Where He Can Beat the Drums Long and Loud as He Pleases.

THE contagious laughter of happy kids is the living memorial which Coral Gables has fashioned for the 1400 young men who marched away from that city to World War II.

For this Florida community, more alert to the needs of today and tomorrow than to the traditions of an outgrown past, there will be no discarded cannon overlooking a forlorn city square, no sombre statuary or monuments such as clutter up a thousand city parks, no elaborate interpretations in bronze of sentiments long forgotten.

In their stead, Coral Gables has chosen to substitute a War Memorial Youth Center where its kids from the first grade through college—can get a running start toward that better life for which Dade County's young men went to war.

The idea was Harry W. Morgenthaler's. Sparked by his evangelistic fervor, 22 civic organizations and churches and Coral Gables' leading citizens organized in January, 1944, to make the dream of a youth center as a war memorial come true. So well did they work that the center opened its doors last Dec. 7, fourth anniversary of Pearl Harbor.

Though not yet completed, the center occupies an entire block near the business district with facilities for virtually all branches of athletics, indoor sports, dancing, singing, music and other wholesome activity that might engage the interest of youngsters.

Indoor activities are housed in a one-story structure intended as the wing of what will be the center proper. Here, too, is the snack bar, where the youngsters themselves handle the sales; hot dogs for a dime, soft drinks for a nickel. A juke box furnishes dance music.

To enjoy all that the center offers, kids must take out a $3 membership card. Then everything but treats at the snack bar is free.

Observers have pointed out that the center, which is run by the kids themselves under the guidance of trained supervisors, is providing healthy and wholesome recreation for both boys and girls and creating a feeling of genuine friendship.

As for what the veterans think of the center, this is what one of them had to say:

"Boy, I wish we'd had something like this when we were kids. If young people all over the world got a start in life like this, there'd be no war."

Jackie Geiger, Left, and Jim Harrison Turn Over Their $3 Fees to Miss Betty Ward, Membership Director.

Refreshments at the Memorial Center Are Dispensed by the Kids Over a "Snack Bar." Aside From the Membership Fee, Hot Dogs and Soft Drinks Are the Only Things for Which They Pay.

How good are your breakfasts?

Do they follow this important health rule?

This chart shows the vitamins you get from a breakfast of cereal with milk, buttered toast, and an egg. Without orange juice, even this substantial breakfast falls way short in vitamin C. That's true of most foods, and this is the very reason why health authorities say we should get out full daily share of vitamin C at breakfast. Oranges are your best practical source of C. So—

Without California orange juice, breakfast supplies this much of day's vitamin needs:

With California orange juice, breakfast supplies this much of day's vitamin needs:

Start with California orange juice. Besides supplying many added health values, it fills your day's quota of vitamin C. You need C every day to fight fatigue and infection, protect teeth and gums, and keep feeling young. Enjoy California orange juice every morning—even when you have other fruit. There's no brighter, cheerier, more delicious way to start the day.

ORANGE TIME-SAVERS!

Quick salad: combine sliced oranges with other fruits (fresh or canned) and crisp greens. Lunch box dessert: an easy-to-peel Sunkist Orange.

Free Orange Recipe Book! Has 102 tempting recipes. Write to Sunkist, Dept. 1705, Los Angeles 55, California. Sunkist Oranges are the finest from 14,500 cooperating California and Arizona citrus growers.

Sunkist

CALIFORNIA ORANGES

BEST FOR JUICE—*and Every use!*

Stamped GUILTY by a Stamp

The Maid Opened the Door to Her Master's Stamp-Collecting Friend, Who Attacked Her With a Hammer.

PARIS.

WITH their only clue a rare postage stamp, Paris police recently solved a strange and ruthless crime.

A combination theft and murder, it might be termed "The Case of the Postage Stamps." In it figured not only the rare stamp that led to its solution, but also a stamp collection worth a million and a half francs.

The latter, belonging to Otto Polak, a prosperous Parisian collector and dealer, furnished the criminal with his motive.

Polak's life, as distinguished from the lives of many Parisians these days, was well ordered and quiet. A 37-year-old Czech expatriate, he had, besides his stamps, a beloved French wife and a son, Guy, aged six. These three were all he cared about.

And then, at half-past five one afternoon, the bottom fell out of his neat little world.

He had spent the preceding hour talking shop at the Cafe Cadet, a haunt of stamp dealers. Returning to his apartment, he found, as usual, his small family and the maid—only none of them was as usual.

Madame Polak and Guy, both severely beaten, lay unconscious on the stair landing. The maid, sprawled in the blood-spattered living room, was dead, her head crushed. The albums, which were kept in the dining room and contained both the stamps for sale and the more valuable ones that formed Monsieur Polak's private collection, were gone.

Ambulances and police arrived simultaneously. The interns did their work and left. The police stayed. But neither a search of the apartment nor an interrogation of its shocked tenant was of much help.

At length one of the detectives found a stray stamp under the couch.

"Is this one of your collection?" he asked.

Polak stared at the piece of colored paper as if it were a ghost. "No!" he gasped. "No. It is impossible!"

The stamp, a vintage item, belonged to a youthful collector by the name of Michael Gieyzstor, whom Polak regarded almost as another son.

Gieyzstor had brought it around that morning, asking his more experienced friend to appraise it. Polak had promised to have the information that afternoon and had hurried away from the Cafe Cadet to keep this appointment.

The question now was whether Gieyzstor had taken his stamp with him on leaving that morning or whether he had left it.

"I was sure he took it," Polak stammered, "but—perhaps—perhaps I was mistaken . . ."

He had not been mistaken, as a visit to the young man's suburban home revealed only too clearly.

Another Victim of the Hammer-Wielding Thief Was Mme. Polak, Wife of the Stamp Expert.

Gieyzstor's home was not easily found. Although he had been a frequent guest of Polak, he never had referred, except in general terms, to where he himself lived.

It took the police a whole day to locate his house in Neuilly. By that time they had found out several other things about him. He had served time in jail, had volunteered to work in Germany during the war and had brought a German wife back to France with him.

Gieyzstor was in bed when the detectives arrived. At first he protested his innocence. However, the discovery of charred, but still recognizable, fragments of some of Polak's most precious stamps in the fireplace as well as of a blood-stained hammer in the woodshed, made him change his tune. Shrugging his shoulders, he remarked:

"Well, I suppose I might as well tell you." With sudden viciousness he added: "Don't ask me if I regret it, because I don't!"

His purpose in taking the rare stamp to the apartment that morning had been simply to find out what time of the day Polak expected to be away. The latter had revealed his intention of spending an hour at the Cafe Cadet; he had suggested that Gieyzstor call around again either before 4:30 or after 5:30.

Seeking this time not an appraisal but 1,500,000 francs worth of stamps, Gieyzstor showed up half-way between the suggested hours, at 5 sharp. In one of his pockets was a hammer and his own stamp.

Although the maid was alone, she had no hesitation in admitting him, for she knew him well.

After striking her several times with the hammer, he hurried into the dining room and began gathering up albums. A sound from the living room interrupted him. The maid was crawling toward one of the windows. He returned and, while once more pulling out the hammer, inadvertently dropped his stamp. As he was finishing off the maid there came another sound: a key scraping in the lock on a door.

Mme. Polak and her son, carrying his scooter, were returning from a walk. The door was opened by Monsieur Gieyzstor, who greeted them by felling Mme. Polak and kicking her downstairs. The little boy gallantly tried to defend his mother by hitting Gieyzstor in the back with his scooter, but was quickly subdued with the hammer. Then, albums under his arm, Gieyzstor left the apartment.

At this writing, Guy is expected to recover; his mother's life is in the balance—she has about 20 separate skull fractures—and, if she lives, probably will be blind.

The albums containing the for sale stamps have been recovered from the home of one of Gieyzstor's other friends. However, they were just the dross of the collection, worth only about 250,000 francs. Gieyzstor burned the albums of private stamps valued at well over a million, after reading a story in the French papers stating that the murderer was about to be apprehended.

Now, as he awaits his former protege's trial, Monsieur Polak grieves both over the critical condition of his wife and the loss of his life's work.

Never before... a graduation gift like this

The new REYNOLDS *"400" Pen*

with the sliding ball-protector

NEW! Interchangeable Tops! Each Reynolds "400" Pen complete with two tops. Clip-top for man's model (shown at right). Smooth top for woman's model (shown below).

Ideal for pocket, desk or handbag, every Reynolds "400" Pen is easily converted into whichever style you prefer or your job of the moment dictates. No extra charge either! Change is easily made... takes just a moment. Simply unscrew one top, replace with other, and *presto*, the appearance of your Reynolds "400" Pen is completely changed!

Guaranteed to Write Through *4 years* OF COLLEGE Without a Single Refill

Precision-engineered to last a lifetime!

For grammar school graduates about to enter high school, for high school graduates about to enter college, for presidents about to enter the White House, for college men and women about to enter the business or social world . . . here's the perfect writing gift, the amazing new Reynolds "400" Pen.

See the revolutionary new Reynolds "400" Pen at your dealer's today. Please your favorite graduate with the welcome gift of this handsome new pen in either of two striking color combinations, gold and black or silver and black.

Reynolds International Pen Company, 1550 N. Fremont St. Chicago 22, Ill., Canadian Plant: Oshawa, Ontario, Can.

GUARANTEE: Every tested Reynolds "400" Pen contains normal 10 to 15 years supply of "Midnight Blue" Satinflo Ink. Ink supply guaranteed to write for at least 4 years from date of sale. Service is guaranteed for a lifetime whenever pen is returned with 35 cents to the factory.

$12.50 **O. P. A. Ceiling. No Luxury Tax. Including desk stand and modern streamlined gift package. FAIR TRADE PRICE.**

Covered by U. S. Patents Nos. 2,102,619 and D-145,505. Other Patents applied for. Copr. Reynolds International Pen Co., 1946

4 wonderful new features

1. **Guaranteed to write at least 4 years without refilling.**
2. **Convertible into a man's or woman's pen. Extra top in package. No extra charge.**
3. **New "Midnight Blue" Satinflo ink gives more legible, smoother writing.**
4. **New sliding ball-protector covers ball point when not in use . . . it clicks with a flick!**

The New Reynolds "400" Does the Following Things Which the Old-Fashioned Pen Does Not Do

1. **Writes on wet surfaces and under water.**
2. **Dries as it writes — no smearing.**
3. **Writes clearly through 6 carbons.**
4. **Writes high in the sky.**

Click! *It's ready for pocket or purse, no cap to replace.*
Click! *It's ready to write, no cap to remove.*

Convertible for Miss or Mrs. America. Each Reynolds "400" Pen comes with an interchangeable top for conversion to woman's model

BOMBARDMENT

From Far Below the Sun's Surface Violent Cyclonic Spurts of Energy Erupt Into the Sunspots—Whirlpools of Hot, Flaming Gas That Possess Mysterious Electrical Properties. In Center of the Whirlpools the Gas Cools and Darkens, It Is Believed.

By Gobind Behari Lal
Science Analyst

THE sun is again on the rampage. The curtain has gone up on a big sunspot show that is likely to reach a spectacular climax in 1948. In 1946 and 1947 there probably will be increasing bombardment of the earth from the sunspots' atomic artillery.

Ultra-violet rays, highly energetic electrons and other solar radiations will produce great displays of the aurora borealis. They will cause radio fade-outs and violent magnetic storms on the earth, resulting in violent disturbances of our electrical and magnetic systems.

Newest discovery is that clouds of gas from the sun stream across 92,000,000 miles of space and enter the upper atmosphere of the earth. There they cause part of the magnetic storms.

The present sunspot carnival began after the old cycle had reached its lowest ebb, in April, 1944. A full sunspot cycle takes slightly more than 11 years, in which there is alternate waxing and waning of the spots in number, in size and in frequency of appearance.

The first week of February, 1946, was marked by the appearance of a group of giant sunspots. On one occasion, transatlantic radio faded out for three hours.

About five days later the earth's upper atmosphere was thrown into electrical and magnetic excitement by volleys of electrons which had come from the sunspots and related solar regions. These resulted in brilliant and extensive displays of the Northern Lights, whose streamers were visible in many parts of the country.

What are sunspots? They are swirling whirlpools of hot, flaming gas upon the sun's surface. Darker in color than the sun's normal surface, the sunspots are believed to be cooler too. And they possess strange, mysterious electrical activity that shoots off radiations and particles into space.

The aurora borealis and the aurora australis — Northern Lights and Southern Lights—glow like neon lamps from 40 miles to over 600 miles above the earth's surface. It is now believed that they are produced by solar radiations, especially the electrons which are charged with negative electricity. These apparently collide with and tear away the electrons of the atoms and molecules of the rare gases of the upper atmosphere.

Another dramatic manifestation of the high sunspots cycle is increase in the "eruptive prominences," those leaping, scarlet tongues of flaming gases shooting off from the solar atmosphere. These flames are blazing hydrogen, calcium and other solar materials. They rush out with speeds of 200 miles per second despite the tremendous gravitational pull of the sun. They sometimes reach more than 500,000 miles beyond the solar atmosphere, called the chromosphere. Radiations from these prominences also affect the earth's atmosphere and surface.

During periods of great sunspot activity there are more frequent spurts of radio waves from the sun. The Australian scientists, J. L. Pawsey, R. Payne-Scott and L. L. McCready, of the University of Sydney, found that with the appearance of sunspots last year the sun's 1.5 meter radio waves were at the peak. These waves are similar to the radar waves used for reaching the moon.

Such observations confirm the theory that the sunspots mark the regions of the sun where some kind of cyclonic activities occur.

There is no doubt that the sunspots are centers of intense magnetism. They whirl and the polarity of their magnetism—whether it is of the North Pole or South Pole type—depends upon the direction of the sunspots' rotation.

In telescopic photographs the solar surface seems "granular," like the surface of the ocean stirred up into choppy waves.

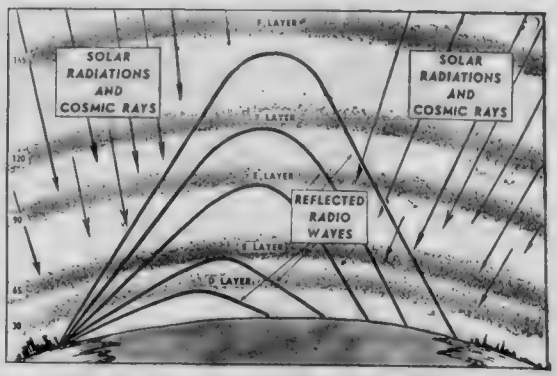
The sunspots, however, are more than a "choppy" solar sea. They represent violent eruption of energy from below the sun's surface. So far there is no evidence that this energy comes from the center of the sun, where hydrogen atoms are transmuted into helium — a process which is the ultimate source of all solar energy.

FROM each sunspot is ejected whirling electrical and magnetic solar atoms and molecules, tremendous quantities of ultra-violet rays, electrons and other radiations. As the gases leave they grow cooler, which reduces the temperature of the solar surface from about 11,000 degrees to between 8,000 to 9,000 at the sunspot's center.

The ultra-violet rays discharged from the sun, especially the spots and the prominences, are so

Illustrated by A. LEYDENFROST

from the SUN



Maximum Sunspot Activity Gives Scientists Their Best Opportunity to Study Ultra-Violet and Cosmic Rays and Other Solar Radiations.

intense that they would easily kill human beings, animals and plants in a short time, if they reached the earth unimpeded. What saves life on the earth's surface is the atmosphere.

The various shells of the air absorb the most energetic ultra-violet rays, solar electrons and cosmic rays. Some of these layers extend 20,000 miles above the earth. The important top layers of atmosphere are above the stratosphere which extends from about 10 to 30 miles above ground.

The name ionosphere means the upper atmosphere consisting of "ions," which are electrically charged atoms and molecules of nitrogen, oxygen and other gases of the air. The sun's ultra-violet rays and other missiles tear off the electronic garments of atoms, so that the atoms become positively and negatively charged. This makes the air an electrical conductor through which "ions" produce electrical currents.

Thus all the three layers of the ionosphere—roughly speaking, 30 to 55 miles, 55 to 90 miles, 90 to 250 miles above the earth's surface—are "radio mirrors," from which radio waves are bounced back to the ground. This makes the "ionosphere" the pathway of long distance radio.

WHEN radio waves are so short and energetic that they pierce through the shields of the upper atmosphere, they pass on into outer space. Such were the radar waves—of one meter length, 300,000,000 cycles per second frequency—that were recently sent to, and returned from, the moon.

There are two principal ways of radio propagation: by "ground wave" and by "sky wave." The "ground wave" is the radio wave which travels directly from the transmitter to the receiver, and depends upon the electrical characteristics of the land and the sea over which it passes. The "ground wave" accounts for local, that is less than 50 miles distance, radio reception.

The "sky wave" is the radio wave system sent upwards. It reaches the layers of the ionosphere and is reflected by them back to the ground. It provides distance radio reception.

The heights and the densities of the "radio mirrors" change with day and night and the season of the year. They are particularly dependent on the sunspots which discharge volleys of ultra-violet rays, electrons and radio waves.

For radio communications it was essential to be able to predict "radio weather" or "ionospheric weather," the conditions of radio propagation likely at any time or place.

Such forecasts were developed by the IRPL—The Interservice Radio Propagation Laboratory—of the National Bureau of Standards at Washington, under the direction of Mrs. John H. Dellinger and Newborn Smith, with special cooperation of the Department of Terrestrial Magnetism of the Carnegie Institution. General predictions three months ahead, and detailed forecasts from a day to a week are issued by the IRPL. The predictions have been remarkably trustworthy, too.

The forecast of the sunspots and radio disturbances of February 2 to 7, 1946, was published on November 1, 1945. Such predictions will now be available for military, commercial, scientific and other peaceful civilian uses.

During the war unceasing observations of the "ground wave" and the "sky wave" were made at more than 50 scientific stations, operated around the globe by the United States, Britain and Russia. Special researches on the relationships of the ionosphere to the spots and other solar conditions were conducted by the U. S. Naval Observatory, Mt. Wilson Observatory, McMath-Hulbert Observatory, Mich., Harvard and Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Cambridge, Harvard's Observatory at Climax, Col., the University of Chicago.

All the information was collected at the IRPL, which issued to the armed forces "radio weather" forecasts and advice on military operations, involving radio devices.

The most important tool of the study of the ionosphere is the method discovered by Drs. Merle A. Tuve and Gregory Breit, and improved by Drs. Harry W. Wells, L. V. Berkner, S. L. Seaton and others, at the Carnegie Institution's Department of Terrestrial Magnetism.

It is a sort of tennis game with the ionosphere, in which radio pulses are tossed upwards like tennis balls. They are bumped back to the ground by the radio "mirrors." By measuring the time taken by the pulse to go up and come down the height of the reflecting ionospheric layer can be measured with amazing accuracy.

In fact during the great magnetic storms of March 25 and 26 Carnegie scientists—H. W. Wells, J. W. Watts and D. E. George—used these bouncing radio waves to help them detect the presence of material from solar clouds contained in the earth's atmosphere.

After the sun's vapor had traveled all the way through space from the sun, scientists detected the clouds first at a distance of 500 to 600 miles above the earth. The solar vapor was rushing at the earth with a speed of a mile a second 3,600 miles an hour. They finally came to rest in the ionosphere layer at an altitude of from 180 to 250 miles above the earth.

The Carnegie scientists shoot directly upwards 30 pulses, of 25 to 150 meter radio waves, which are echoed back directly to the ground. The difference between the times taken by the reflected "sky wave" and the direct "ground wave" in reaching the receiving instrument is automatically recorded, down to 1/100,000ths to 1/200,000ths of a second. This means that the up and down journey of the pulses of less than half a mile can be measured.

The echoed "sky wave" also reveals the concentration, the crowding, of the "ions" in the radio mirror above. Thus the every warp and woof of the continuously changing ionospheric awning, woven by the solar radiations, can be scanned. Indirectly, then, regular and irregular alterations in sunspots, prominences and other solar events can be better understood than ever before by the Tuve-Breit method.

IN THE past, relationships of sunspots to rainfall, as indicated by growths of tree rings, have been studied. "Radio weather" forecasting may predict the characteristics of future tree rings.

The time may come when not only "radio weather," but correlated with it also, ordinary weather and climatic changes might be predicted a year in advance. The key of all that happens on the earth is in the sun.

Solar Radiations Produce the Vari-Colored Aurora Borealis and Aurora Australis That Flame as Much as 600 Miles Above the Earth. In the Northern Lights the Ancient Norsemen Saw the Valkyries Bearing the Souls of the Dead to Valhalla.

What a Blend!

WHAT WONDERS they've accomplished in combining the delicious, sweet juice of Florida's tree-ripened oranges with the fresh fruity tang of Florida's finest grapefruit juice. Just you try Florida Orange-Grapefruit Juice in handy cans all ready to serve. What an appetizer! What a thirst quencher! What a refresher! WHAT A BLEND!

What a *Helping Hand* in saving

time and trouble and cash . . . and in fighting infections, colds, and fatigue . . . with abundant VITAMIN C

• In handy cans all ready to serve—you can buy the refreshing juice of Florida's luscious fruit most inexpensively. And all the squeezing and straining has been attended to. All you do is just open the can and pour.

Here's a Helping Hand in preparing your meals—in awaking good morning appetites. And best of all, this healthful juice—so rich in protective vitamin C—gives a Helping Hand in building health . . . in fighting infections, colds, and fatigue. It's a Helping Hand to reach for every single day!

Try ALL these delicious Florida Juices and Fruits!

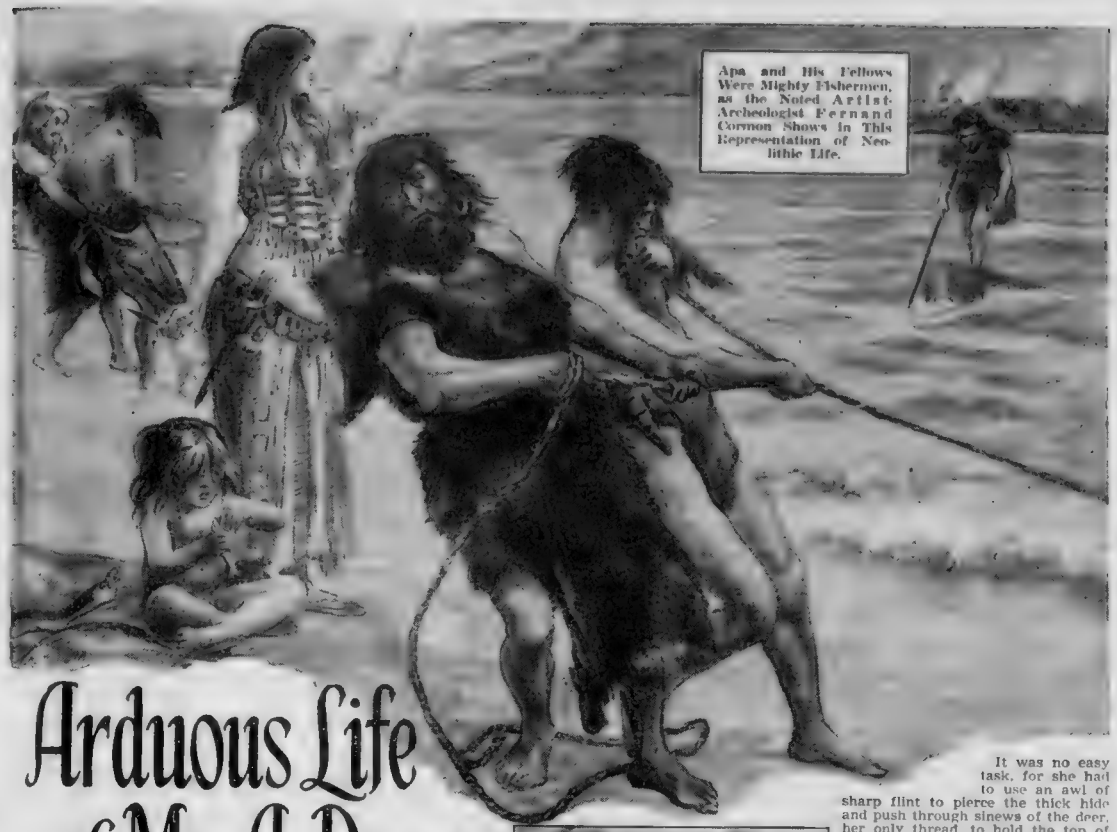
Canned Grapefruit Juice
■
Canned Orange Juice
●
Canned Grapefruit Sections

• FLORIDA CITRUS COMMISSION • *Lakeland, Florida*

Canned

FLORIDA ORANGE-GRAPEFRUIT

BLENDED JUICE



Apa and His Fellows Were Mighty Fishermen, as the Noted Artist-Archeologist Fernand Cormon Shows in This Representation of Neolithic Life.

Arduous Life of Mr. A. Dane 10,000 Years Ago

By CLIFTON HARBY LEVY
Bible Scholar and Archeologist

WHEN Shakespeare observed that there was something rotten in Denmark, he definitely wasn't referring to the home and environs of a most durable Dane—let's call him Apa, for convenience—who lived, loved and labored 10,000 years ago and bequeathed to us a knowledge of his times.

Apa chewed his reindeer meat in a cave near what is now Bronne, in the district of Nealand, and tossed the bones on one of the kitchen middens, or refuse heaps, which have told us much of what we know about the earliest Danish civilization.

But while many of the middens decayed into nothingness during the passing centuries, the ones at Bronne became encased in a giant mass of moss which, like a saturated sponge, sealed off the outside air and preserved bones, implements and other relics which tell a remarkable story.

The Danish government has just announced the discovery of a 10,000-year-old human habitation among these great heaps, which were thought at first to be merely rises in the earth.

The stone implements and reindeer horns showing the mark of man's handiwork have been taken to the Copenhagen Museum for more careful study and comparison with prehistoric artifacts found in other parts of Denmark.

In the light of these finds it is possible now to reconstruct much of the life of these early inhabitants of Denmark, who resembled the modern Laplanders in the form of the head and low stature. At that time Denmark was Arctic in temperature and the life of its inhabitants much like that of the Eskimos of our own time.

If we could look at these cave-dwellers of 10,000 years ago we might see Apa, the doughty fighter and hunter, issuing forth from the cave, where his mate, Ama, and his children were protected from the wild beasts and roving men of other tribes.

Apa was in search of an aurochs, which existed there then, or of a wild boar, or reindeer, all of which might fall to his spear or arrows. Or he might come across a beaver or seal, any one of which would be welcome for food and the articles of clothing which their skins would furnish.

Apa was lucky that day, for he had not gone far before he saw some reindeer browsing on the moss and lichens, and creeping up on a stag he pierced his heart with one skilfully shot flint-headed arrow.

He ran shouting back to summon help, and Ama with her eldest son, Aba, and his sister, Asa, ran out of the cave to help in skinning and cutting up the carcass with their flint and bone knives.

Ama's work had only begun, for not only did she have to cook the meat to feed the family, but hers was the task of preparing the skin for the boots, which Apa needed to keep his feet warm and dry, or to make the coat of skin, which he needed, for protection and warmth.

Chipped Flint Provided Apa With His Weapons and Ama With Her Implements.

It was no easy task, for she had to use an awl of sharp flint to pierce the thick hide and push through sinews of the deer, her only thread, to hold the top of the boot to the sole. In the same hard way Ama had to pierce one hole after the other as she "stitched" the coat together, making a sightly garment for her mate, and a warm one.

Apa had been armed with a spear tipped with sharp flint, and a bow of resilient yew, or other wood, strung with deer-sinew. He also carried a heavy spear, tipped with flint, which was his favorite weapon to attack a bear, or a wild boar. He had no copper or iron, so flint or deer-horn had to serve for all his weapons and implements.

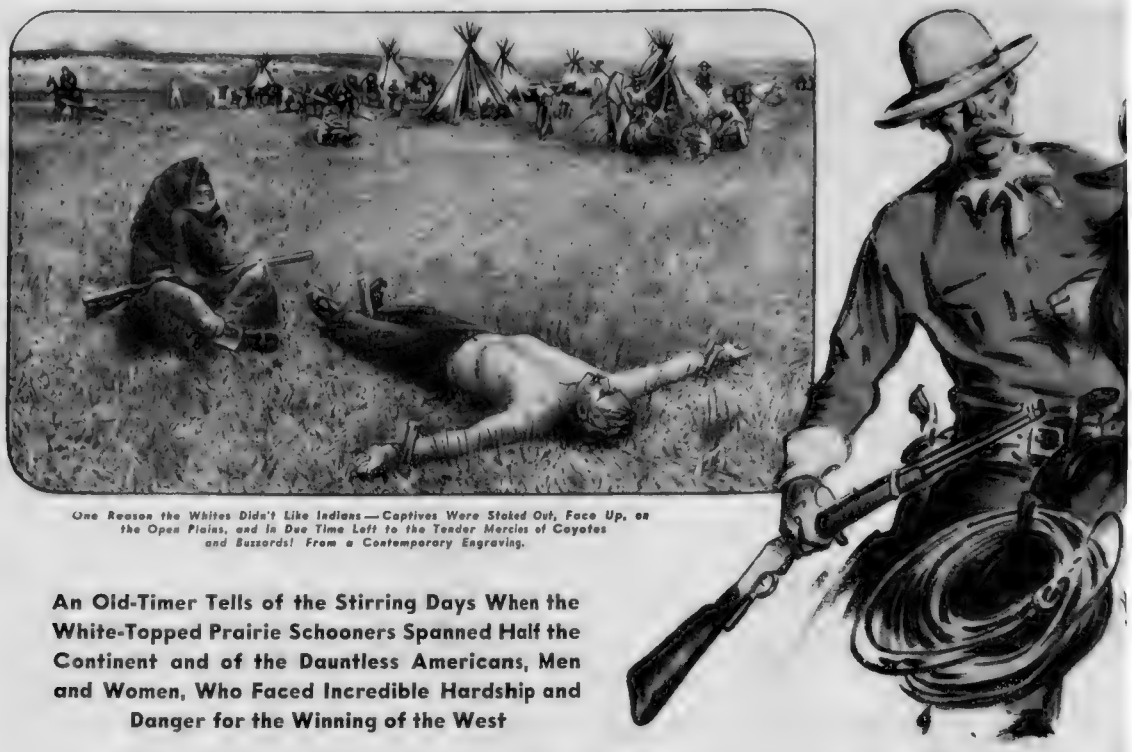
Apa had also to meet and fight human foes of other tribes, and he was not afraid, for he was agile, strong and expert with spear and bow and arrow. That he had already learned how to count and keep a record is proved by a strange "tally," which he kept on a branch of a deer's antler. On it were deep notches, filled in to the depth of a twelfth of an inch, evidently a list of the foes who had fallen before his spear. Our western bad men kept the record of the men they had killed by notches on their revolvers or rifles, in the same way as Apa reckoned in his crude way on the deer's antler.

Apa was a fisherman, too, as is evidenced by the bones of many kinds of fish found in the garbage heaps, and he was very fond of oysters, which were then quite large in this part of the sea, although now they are very small, for the large shells are here with the rest of the refuse.

What the dry sands of Egypt did for many perishable objects and papyri, the moisture of the moss did for the remains of man of the Glacial Age.

Apa, Ama, Aba, Asa, and whatever other children there may have been lived a hard-working existence, but they enjoyed much of that strenuous life, and have left a vivid memorial of the way in which they throve.

The secrets of that life of 10,000 years ago is as real to the eye of the archeologist of today as if he were looking on at the living men and women who had thus laid the foundation of Danish civilization.



One Reason the Whites Didn't Like Indians — Captives Were Staked Out, Face Up, on the Open Plains, and In Due Time Left to the Tender Mercies of Coyotes and Buzzards! From a Contemporary Engraving.

An Old-Timer Tells of the Stirring Days When the White-Topped Prairie Schooners Spanned Half the Continent and of the Dauntless Americans, Men and Women, Who Faced Incredible Hardship and Danger for the Winning of the West

To Gold and Glory on Wagon Wheels

By Billy Dodson

Pioneer Plainsman, Cowboy and Trail Driver

CHAPTER V

DID you know the mother of the greatest Comanche chief of my day in the old west was a white woman?

Well, that's a fact and it's a yarn worth telling, because Comanches were scourges of the plains.

I know they burned a lot of hate into my heart the day my father rode home, hanging to a saddle horn with an arrow sticking in his back. He was a Texas Ranger and those fellows spent most of their time fighting Comanches.

That arrow just about ended my father's riding days and hurried me into the saddle to try to fill his boots. The shaft broke while we were trying to pull it out and my father carried that flint tip in his chest for the rest of his life.

But about the big chief's white mother. Back in the days before the Civil War a band of Comanches raided Parker's Fort, a frontier Texas settlement. By the time the savages finished there wasn't much left of the fort or its occupants.

When they rode off one of the braves had a nine-year-old girl, kicking and squalling, tucked under his arm. That girl was Cynthia Ann Parker.

You can bet your blue chips the prairies ran red for a long time over that redskin trick. You always figured it was better to be killed than to be captured by the Indians. They had too many fiendish ways to torture you—including a tendency to stake you out on the ground and let the coyotes and buzzards finish you off.

Time and again the white men tried to rescue Cynthia Ann, without any luck. Some died in the attempt and they took a few Indians with them.

The Comanches were a mighty powerful tribe. The whites were no match for them in those early days. The braves turned the stolen girl over to their squaws and she vanished.

More than 20 years rolled by. Cynthia Ann was just about forgotten. Most everybody figured she was dead, and they'd have preferred to shoot her themselves in those days. Even that was better than to let the Indians get a white girl.

But the Comanches and the whites kept right on fighting anyway. They didn't need Cynthia Ann for an excuse, because the Indians were on the warpath for settlers and wagon trains most of the time.

The chief of the Comanches was Iron Jacket, a tough old warrior if there ever was one. He had been head man of the tribe when the Parker girl was stolen and never had slipped from the top rung in the Comanche war councils.

They called him Iron Jacket because of a coat of mail that he always wore. He had picked it up some place down in Mexico. The armor was a suit that probably had been brought in by the Spaniards.

It had saved the old chief dozens of times.

With armor or without old Iron Jacket was a terror. Finally, his raids got so bad that Colonel John "Old Rip" Ford rounded up a bunch of his Texas Rangers and hit the trail, aiming to write out a little lesson in hot lead for the trouble-makers.

How they ever *did it* I don't know because the Comanches were hard *ones* to fool, but Old Rip and his men somehow *caught* a big encampment off guard in the hills north *of the* Brazos River. They swooped down just as *daylight* was beginning to show over the rim of the *prairies.*

The Indians were napping.

Iron Jacket was a little slow *getting* his warriors into the scrap, but after the *first* charge by Old Rip's men, the chief was out in *front* as usual.

He made a great show, all *right, astride* his horse, in his war paint and streaming *feathered* war bonnet. He met the attackers head on. Bullets bounced off his chest like hail-stones.

At last, though, one keen-eyed old Texan got the chief's bobbing head lined up in his sights *for* a split second. That's all he had been waiting *for.* He let fly.

There wasn't anything at the spot he aimed at to stop lead. The old chief threw up his arms and toppled off his plunging horse. His fighting days were over.

When he bit the dust the Comanches figured the Great Spirit had deserted them. For about the first time in their lives they turned tail and ran.

But there were plenty who didn't do any more running. When the rangers blew the last smoke out of their gun barrels they had about 400 good Indians around them. That meant dead ones.

The rangers were using repeater rifles for the first time in that fight. They got off with two of their group killed and half a dozen wounded.

Now, if anybody thought a beating like that was going to put an end to Indian troubles, well, they just didn't know their Comanches.

Iron Jacket's son, Peta Nocona, moved up as the big chief of the tribe. He didn't have a coat of mail, but he was death on whites just the same.

Well, the rangers swung back in the saddle in a hurry. Captain Sul Ross struck out with his Texas fighters and a bunch of friendly Indians. They picked up the Comanches' trail, took a shortcut over the prairie ahead of them, and worked one of the red-skins' own pet capers on them.

Ross and his men slipped into an ambush along the Pease River and waited. They opened up when the Comanches rode by and made another killing.

The rangers had the best of it, but Nocona and his braves put up a tough scrap.

At the finish the rangers rushed into a hand-to-hand combat with a bunch headed by Chief Nocona. No question about it, he was a fighter. He was still on his feet when every one of the braves around him had fallen.

STRANGEST sight of all was his squaw, right at *his* side, fighting like a she-bear with cubs.

Finally, a pistol shot dropped the chief. The rangers closed in, figuring the battle was over, but the squaw kept coming. One of the Indians with the rangers was just drawing back to swing a tomahawk *down* on her head when Ross yelled:

"Stop! For God's sake! That's a white woman!"

The rangers *grabbed* her. She kept on struggling till a rope pinned *her* arms to her sides.

"What makes yuh figger she's white, Cap'n?"

Illustrated by MATT CLARK

The Rangers Closed In, but the Squaw Kept Coming. One of the Indians With the Rangers Was About to Swing a Tomahawk on Her Head When Ross Called, "Stop! That Squaw's a White Woman!"

one of the men asked. "She looks like an Injun to me an' she shoe fights like one."

"Did yuh ever see a blue-eyed Injun before?" Ross replied.

"Well, dang my hide! They air blue! Who air yuh, anyway?"

They didn't get their answer right away. The squaw was white, all right, but she also was all Indian by nature. It was quite a while before her tight lips opened. Then she spoke three words.

"Me Cynthia Ann!"

That's all she said then and that's all she ever said in English. She had forgotten every other word in her own tongue.

For years there had been a legend that Chief Iron Jacket had given the captive white girl to his son. Not many folks put any stock in it, but that's just what happened.

Cynthia Ann had grown up to become Peta Nocona's squaw.

When the rangers found her Cynthia Ann had a papoose with her, a little girl named Prairie Flower. Besides her, there were two other children, sons, both older.

One of them was Quanah, the half-breed who became the great chief of the Comanches. He and his brother escaped that day when their father fell and their mother landed back in the hands of her own people.

The rangers took Cynthia Ann and her papoose to a settlement. They found out she had an uncle still living so they turned her over to him.

But she had lived too long as an Indian to be contented in a white man's wickiup. Yes sir, she had completely turned into an Indian, by habits, and by wants. She never got over her longing to go back to the wild life of the Comanches. She tried to get away several times, but never made it.

Prairie Flower soon died.

Within three years Cynthia Ann followed her to join Peta Nocona, Iron Jacket, and the rest of the departed braves beyond the Great Divide.

Out with his tribe Quanah soon got to be a bigger figure than either his father or his famous grandfather. Some folks always said he was the greatest fighter the plains ever saw. Anyway, he ranked along with Geronimo, Dull Knife, and Sitting Bull.

I know one thing, he killed a lot of his white mother's people before he finally buried the hatchet.

The strangest twist of the whole tale was the change that came over Quanah in his later years. He suddenly gave up the warpath, lit up the peace pipe, and before he died did a great deal to bring peace to the prairies.

But he never was captured.

One day he rode into Fort Sill, Oklahoma. About 500 Comanche braves were strung out behind him. They waited while Quanah advanced toward the post, his open hand held above him.

The army men at the garrison got ready for an attack. They didn't know just what Quanah had up his sleeve, even though his sign showed he was on a peaceful mission.

The officers met him, but they were suspicious.

"I go white man's way," Quanah said slowly.

That was all he had to say and I reckon it told the whole story. He had decided the Comanches couldn't kill off all the white men, so he was quitting the fight and giving himself up.

Maybe his white mother's blood had something to do with it. That's something nobody can tell, but his few words were a promise to give up his savage ways and he kept that promise.

QUANAH was only ten years old when the rangers recaptured Cynthia Ann, but the Indian boy remembered many things about his strange white mother. She was different from the rest of the squaws, even though she had taken up with Indian ways. She used to tell Quanah what she remembered about her own people, and she had a kindly streak, too, that Quanah remembered.

After he smoked the peace pipe Quanah wanted to learn all he could about his mother. He made a trip to hunt up some of her kinfolks down in Texas. He even added her name to his and became Quanah Parker.

Since he was the big chief of the Comanches most of that fighting tribe followed suit when Quanah Parker took off the war paint. That stopped lots of Indian trouble. Quanah got the credit and he deserved it.

He even was called to Washington once to talk about Indian problems and the Great White Father there listened to what he had to say, too.

I saw Quanah a number of times in those early days. He wasn't only a great fighter. He had a smart head on him, too.

He eventually settled down in Comanche County, Oklahoma. He lived to be an old man, dying in 1911, and was honored for doing so much to bring peace to his peoples and the whites.

The way it turned out, maybe the kidnaping of Cynthia Ann wasn't such a bad thing after all.

THE END.

T. P. Healy Collection Photos

When Indians Staged a Raid, a Woman Was Lucky If One of Her Menfolk Could Get a Shot at Her—She Preferred Death That Way.

Americans Are the Kissingest People

Despite Our Practicality, Study Reveals There's a Strain of Incurable Romanticism in Us

By Donald A. Laird, Ph.D., Sci.D.

Internationally Known Psychologist and Lecturer

"THEY'RE very strange," we Americans say thinking of romantic customs we've heard of up and down the world. We don't pause to recall that in some eyes our own romantic ways are strange, too.

We're the kissingest people anywhere on earth

We're a practical people, but we're incurable romanticists. Our movies disclose it; so do our novels, plays, radio and newspapers; if ever any people were preoccupied with romance, and its expression in the kiss, we are the ones

The trait makes the behaviorists ponder, and they ask: "Why kissing?"

It's a deeper question than might be supposed Kissing hasn't been a custom from time immemorial; it dates from the days of the Romans in their splendor. It isn't approved yet over most of the earth's surface. Even among us in this country it's an act alternately denounced and defended.

Make no mistake about the rights of the individual. They've broadened in this country since the Puritans prohibited the kissing even of one's wife on the Sabbath. Justice Louis B. Brodsky, in New York, confronted by a couple accused of kissing in Central Park, has interpreted a fundamental law.

"Kissing is perfectly legal," he says. "It is in accord with the laws of Caesar, those of Justinian, those of Napoleon and those of Central Park."

Even so, health authorities periodically issue warnings against kissing and there are many who agree with the Ohio pastor who said:

"The kiss is an intoxicant and, like the modern saloon, must go."

Just as many persons don't believe any such thing.

Moviegoers, for example, demand novelty in the kissing they see. So some stars have been extraordinarily kissed Dorothy Lamour has been kissed in underwater swimming scenes and even across the back of a cow. There have been dawn kisses, noon kisses and moonlit kisses—even a kiss in the dark. Greta Garbo and John Gilbert kissed in the dark and all the audience could see was the approach of Gilbert's lighted cigarette.

In real life, a 19-year-old Chicago girl knocked herself unconscious by blowing a kiss to her sweetheart. She leaned out of a second floor window to waft the kiss to him, and tumbled right out, falling to the sidewalk. The fall not only knocked her unconscious, but also broke a leg and an arm.

The Kiss Was Known Among the Ancient Egyptians. This Ornament From a Tomb Shows King Akhnaton Kissing His Child.

The Spanish-American War's Lieutenant Richmond Pearson Hobson —the Ladies Mobbed Him.

One New Year's Eve, Mrs. Olga Ferdena looked out of her window in New York City and saw a policeman on his beat. A sudden impulse overwhelmed her and she ran out to the sidewalk and kissed him.

"I had been wanting to kiss him for a year," she told the judge.

"Two dollars fine," said the judge.

"It was worth it," Mrs. Ferdena beamed.

An elderly bachelor died in Milwaukee last summer, leaving a legacy to a woman who kissed him 46 years before. "She was the only woman who ever kissed me," he had said.

The most kissed man of all time, beyond doubt, was Lieutenant Richmond Pearson Hobson, of Spanish-American War heroism. It all started in Chicago, where he gave a lecture on his exploit, sinking the Merrimac. After the lecture two cousins from the South came to the front to congratulate him, and kiss him in the good old Southern custom. That was all the excuse the hundreds of other women needed. They mobbed the naval officer and smothered him with kisses. After that, he was kissed by women all over the country. It is reported that he was kissed by more than 10,000 in all.

As a form of greeting or affection, there isn't much evidence of kissing in ancient times.

Those earliest of people, the Sumerians, weren't devoted to it, so far as any record shows.

It must have had some vogue among the Egyptians, however. A small ornament found in an Egyptian tomb portrays Tutankhamen's father-in-law, Akhnaton, kissing his beautiful queen, Nefertiti. Pliny, the old Roman historian, reports that it was the opinion of Cato that kissing had its origin in blue-nosed Roman custom.

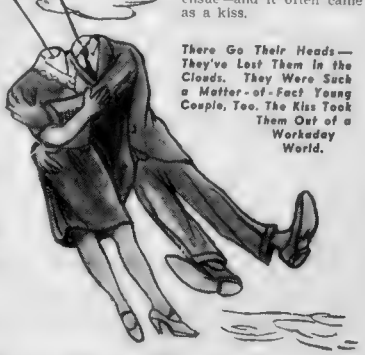
Husbands, he says, began the custom of kissing their wives to discover whether they had been drinking wine.

From that beginning the practice spread.

Kissing is almost unknown among primitive tribes and among the Orientals. Pre-Columbian Indians in America didn't practice it. Eskimos, Hindus, Polynesians, Mongols and Laplanders don't now.

In China it's so rare the language doesn't have a word for it. Lafcadio Hearns, the American writer who went to live in Japan, found the Japanese incredulous when they learned of the custom. Japanese and Chinese do as they've done for ages: the man puts his nose near the girl's nose, cheek or shoulder; that's a caress.

Even in ceremonials, the kiss is purely Western. The mistletoe kiss, for example, appears to be an innocent survival from the Saturnalia of the ancients or akin to a rite of the Druids of Britain. The Druids cut the sacred green and hung it over doorways to propitiate woodland spirits. Then only happiness could ensue—and it often came as a kiss.



There Go Their Heads— They've Lost Them In the Clouds. They Were Such a Matter-of-Fact Young Couple, Too. The Kiss Took Them Out of a Workaday World.

Beyond Words

A day of dreams! It shines with happiness, rings with gaiety . . . and has its solemn side, too. An occasion such as this, that reveals an utterly new horizon, is beyond words. How could a bride describe to others the many emotions that fill her heart?

Even in everyday life there are occasions that are also indescribable — that must be lived to be appreciated. There's that moment when you gaze with satisfaction at the glass in your hand, half-emptied of its Budweiser, but still brimming with enjoyment. You know then that you could never describe the utterly distinctive taste that charms you . . . that has made Budweiser the most popular beer the world has ever known.

ANHEUSER-BUSCH • • ST. LOUIS

Every sip tells you what words can't

Budweiser

is something more than beer

. . . a tradition

©1946 A-B CO.

PENICILLIN'S

In Cramped, Makeshift Quarters Under a Staircase That Leads to a Sub-Basement at the University of Wisconsin, Scientists for the First Time Bombarded Penicillium Mold With Ultra-Violet Rays.

By Robert D. Potter

Science Editor

BY BOMBARDING the penicillin-producing mold with ultra-violet rays, scientists at the University of Wisconsin have doubled the yield of the drug.

The advance not only means that far more quantities of this precious germ-fighter are now available, but it means also a lower cost to those patients whose physicians have to use penicillin.

Here is the exclusive, step-by-step story of the way that science has learned how to change evolution in plants and create new varieties of the molds that are the most efficient producers of penicillin now known.

Some day scientists may learn how to create penicillin synthetically — as they make vitamins - but now we must rely on penicillium molds.

The laboratory where the new process was perfected is under an out-of-the-way staircase that leads down into the sub-basement of the botany building at the University of Wisconsin in Madison. In cramped quarters and with rough benches and complicated scientific equipment Assistant Professors Myron C. Backus and John F. Stauffer bombarded penicillium mold for the first time with rays of ultra-violet light.

At the cost of only a few dollars in research funds they developed a strain of penicillium mold that is known throughout the world as Q176.

This new strain has now been made available to the entire penicillin industry, without the reservation of patent rights, by the Wisconsin Alumni Research Foundation which financed the work.

In 1941 when Dr. A. W. Florey returned to this country with samples of the original mold from which Dr. Alexander Fleming had first derived penicillin, his chief interest was to discover a way to make the mold—Penicillium notatum—grow faster, thus making more penicillin.

The original strain of penicillin that Dr. Florey brought to America needed large amounts of oxygen for growth. It would grow only on a wide, extended surface where it could receive plenty of air. In those days scientists were producing the mold, slowly and expensively in laboratory flasks placed at an angle on their sides.

Already, from the tiny samples available for tests on patients, doctors knew of the remarkable effectiveness of penicillin. How it salvaged lives from dread blood poisoning. How it could cure endocarditis and gas gangrene and so many of the other ills that afflict the human body.

Our Army and Navy required every bit of penicillin that could be made. What was needed was mass production.

Florey's original British strain of penicillium mold just could not lend itself to mass production.

Illustrated by CARL MUELLER

Every laboratory in the land would have been filled with penicillin bottles if production had only been possible in that way.

The first big break came when scientists at the Peoria, Illinois, Northern Regional Research Laboratory developed an improved strain they called penicillium mold No. 832. Number 832 could grow and live without much oxygen and it could be cultured in huge aerated tanks like the 10,000 gallon vats of breweries.

When the Government appropriated over $20,000,000 to put penicillin on a mass production basis it was strain No. 832 that was used in the process. Number 832 yielded 98 Oxford units per cubic centimeter of culture fluid. Remember that figure 98, for it is important to compare with the newer products of which Q176 is the latest.

THE Peoria laboratory of Dr. Robert Coghill thus became the research center of penicillin production. Tests were made on every possible strain of penicillium mold that might yield higher values. At one time Army pilots from overseas were bringing samples of soil from many airports.

Out of this world-wide search came...nothing.

The big break came right in Peoria, Illinois, itself where "Moldy Mary" discovered an overripe muskmelon on a fruit stand. "Moldy Mary"

An Over-Ripe Muskmelon From a Peoria Fruit Stand, Irradiation by X- and Ultra-Violet Rays — and Science Breeds a New Mold the Product of Which Is Almost Four Times as Effective as the First Improved American Strain

Inoculating Sterile Culture With Seed Spores of Penicillium Mold. In Nine or 10 Days the Fungus Reaches Full Growth, Is Frozen, Then Reduced to Powder.

SUCCESS STORY

was one of Dr. Coghill's laboratory technicians assigned to make a daily checkup on all fruit and vegetable stores in search of better molds.

When the mold on the melon stem was cultured it turned out to be a high penicillin-producer. On the scale of Oxford potency tests the new strain rated 169. The former variety, remember, rated only 98.

HERE was progress. The search went on, throughout the world, for ever better varieties of penicillium mold.

Research went on, too; to juggle the heredity—the evolution—of "Moldy Mary's" new-found penicillium mold. Scientists washed it with chemicals. They bombarded it with X-rays. They gave it the "sunburn" treatment with ultra-violet light. All these agents were known to produce changes in plants and insects. X-rays, as one example, had been found to change the eye color of fruit flies.

With X-ray treatment, Dr. Millislav Demerec of Carnegie Institution's laboratory at Cold Spring Harbor, Long Island, produced a mutation from the melon mold that became known as X-1612.

Dr. Demerec had few testing facilities, so he sent the new strain to scientists at the University of Minnesota and they, in turn, passed it along to Professors W. H. Peterson and Marvin J. Johnson at the University of Wisconsin.

"The penicillin yield stood out like a red light," said the professors.

When tested for its germ-killing power Dr. Demerec's X-1612 strain came up with a rating of 169 on the Oxford penicillin scale. "Moldy Mary's" variety rated only 169 and the original strain No. 832 rated only 98 units.

Even this was not the end. Scientists of Wisconsin Research Alumni Foundation began to bombard the newest strain with ultra-violet light. Perhaps, they said, they could create still another mutation and make it even better. It was then that Drs. Backus and Stauffer began their under-the-stairs, sub-cellar experiments. Within a few months—from the fall of 1944 to April 1943—they had changed evolution again and created the best of all penicillium molds yet known—Q176.

This newest variety, a mutant of a mutant, produced penicillin rated 761 Oxford units.

This huge gain in productivity of the penicillium molds doubles, and then doubles again, the amount of penicillin drug that can be produced without a dollar added to the cost of the penicillin factories. In the month of December 1945 it is estimated that 700,000,000,000 units of penicillin were produced. This would amount to more than half a ton of the drug in its powdered form.

By the end of 1946 penicillin production will readily exceed the demand.

Now that science has at last brought penicillin production levels to the state where everyone can obtain the drug who needs it, there is another problem to be solved.

One of the headaches of penicillin manufacturers is what to do with the great quantities of the mold after they strain it out of the broth as the first step in the recovery of the drug. Tremendous quantities of this moldy mess have to be thrown away. It has an offensive odor and is sticky. Nothing is done with it at present.

Yet, this mass of mold is extremely high in its protein content and other food factors such as vitamins. Efforts are being made to devise cattle feed and fertilizer out of it. But so far, most manufacturers are simply paying to have it taken away.

What of the future of penicillin production? Is it not possible to find a strain of the mold that will yield still higher quantities of the precious drug? The answer is probably "yes" because less than 1 per cent of the total metabolism of the mold is converted into penicillin. Some improvement over this should probably be discovered. But the law of diminishing returns makes scientists forecast a 5 per cent yield as the limit.

The experts say the limit is illustrated by the example of dairy cows which produce milk weighing as much as 30 per cent of their food intake. If milk production went any higher in these cows, the animals would probably starve to death.

The same thing is probably true of the penicillium molds. They want to live, too, and are only making penicillin as a by-product. Research can push them only just so far.

But research can advance in another direction. It is possible to alter the molecule of penicillin in the laboratory and create improved forms. It is also possible to vary the food supply, the nutrient, on which the penicillium mold feeds, so that the end produce will have improved properties.

The ability to cause mutations in penicillium molds is one way that science battles the rival ability of disease germs to change their heredity. By mutations, too, bacteria may develop forms which resist both penicillin and the sulfa drugs.

Recently scientists issued a warning that germ mutations were much more likely to occur if penicillin were taken in small doses for minor sickness. There has been talk of using penicillin in toothpaste and mouthwashes to try to prevent tooth decay or sore throat.

What worries scientists is the fact that frequent presence in the body of penicillin in small doses, while killing most of the germs at first, may also produce strains of the bacteria which resist penicillin.

Dr. Hans Molitor of the Merck Institute of Therapeutic Research recently suggested that huge, massive doses of penicillin should be given for the treatment of disease to kill the germs rapidly before they can build up immunity to the drug. He frowned on the use of penicillin and also the new drug streptomycin in lozenges, salves and tablets where only small quantities of the drug are given.

Meantime while doctors learn how best to use penicillin they continue to find new uses for it.

In surgery penicillin greatly lowers the risk of infections and in some kinds of surgery—like operations for mastoid—the drug almost eliminates the need for the operation at all. Even where the surgeon must operate, penicillin often comes to his aid by localizing the infections.

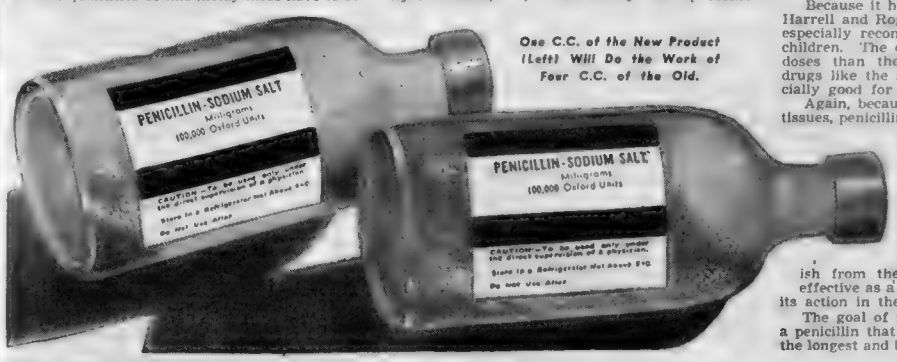
USED with the drug heparin, penicillin gives medicine a way of attacking subacute bacterial endocarditis—the infection of the valves of the heart which hitherto has been so often fatal. Dr. Leo Leowe of Jewish Hospital in Brooklyn has been successful in 40 out of 45 cases.

Because it has a low toxicity, Drs. Wallace E. Harrell and Roger L. J. Kennedy at Mayo Clinic especially recommend penicillin for infections in children. The children can tolerate far stronger doses than they can of other disease-fighting drugs like the sulfa compounds. It seems especially good for osteomyelitis and for meningitis.

Again, because it is so well tolerated by body tissues, penicillin is a favored remedy for diseases of the ear—one of the most sensitive organs of the body.

Newest research on penicillin shows that it is no single chemical but exists in numerous forms which vary in their test tube potency to kill germs and in their germ-killing action in the body. Some types of penicillin with high initial potency quickly vanish from the blood stream and are not as effective as a "weaker" penicillin which retains its action in the body much longer.

The goal of research biochemists is to create a penicillin that will remain in the blood stream the longest and be destroyed in the body the least.


PENICILLIN-SODIUM SALT
Milligrams
100,000 Oxford Units
CAUTION—To be used only under the direct supervision of a physician.
Store in a Refrigerator Not Above 5°C
Do Not Use After
PENICILLIN-SODIUM SALT
Milligrams
100,000 Oxford Units
CAUTION—To be used only under the direct supervision of a physician.
Store in a Refrigerator Not Above 5°C
Do Not Use After

One C.C. of the New Product (Left) Will Do the Work of Four C.C. of the Old.

Prison Pallor—in the Zoo, Too

In Their Native Haunts Flaming Flamingoes Rank With the Most Colorful of All Birds, but In Captivity They Lose the Brilliance of Their Feathers With Each Season's Moult.

HIGH on the list of post-war planning for the nation's zoological parks is research that may explain the mystery of why brilliantly colored birds often turn dull and dingy in captivity.

The flaming flamingo, the scarlet ibis, the roseate spoonbill, scarlet tanager—even canaries — frequently get prison pallor in captivity, or what amounts to it in the bird kingdom.

When first placed on exhibition at zoos the birds have radiant plumage that stops traffic in the bird house.

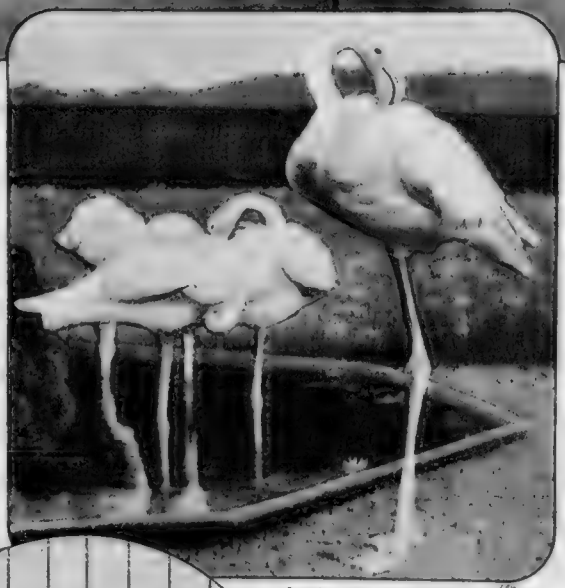
But all too often—and it's a point that makes the hair of bird keepers turn gray—the brilliant birds begin to lose their color. Each moult comes out a bit paler until flamingoes, for example, end up a dingy, dirty white.

What to do about it and how to prevent it is a major problem.

Best success to date has been the diet used on the flamingoes at Hialeah race track in Miami where 449 vibrantly flame-colored birds have roamed around the infield lake.

Besides the underwater vegetation of their race track lake the birds receive rice, shrimp, wheat and cod liver oil each day.

The diet works well at Hialeah but has not been too successful in many zoos. Perhaps it is because Miami is only a little cooler, on the average, than the tropical Cuban home of the flamingoes.



Special Diets That Include Red Peppers Are Used in Zoos to Preserve the Flamingo's Color, but Usually the Feathers Turn a Dull White.

Scarlet Tanagers Fade Out, When Tamed by Man for Reasons So Little Known That a Whole Research Program Will Soon Be Started to See What Makes Red Birds' Feathers Red—Birds Such as the Fiery-Hued Flamingo, the Scarlet Ibis and the Roseate Spoonbill—and How to Keep Them That Way.

Many experts still do not agree that diet alone will restore the pigmentation loss in the birds' feathers Changes in temperature, changes in the length of sunlight in the average day, changes in soil and in water—all these and many more factors may have an effect on the retention or loss of the birds' coloration.

In the meantime the experts seek better and better diets.

Diet made the dingy, dull and drab scarlet ibis of the St. Louis Zoo really scarlet, according to the recent report of Hattie Ettinger in "Animal Kingdom," publication of the New York Zoological Society.

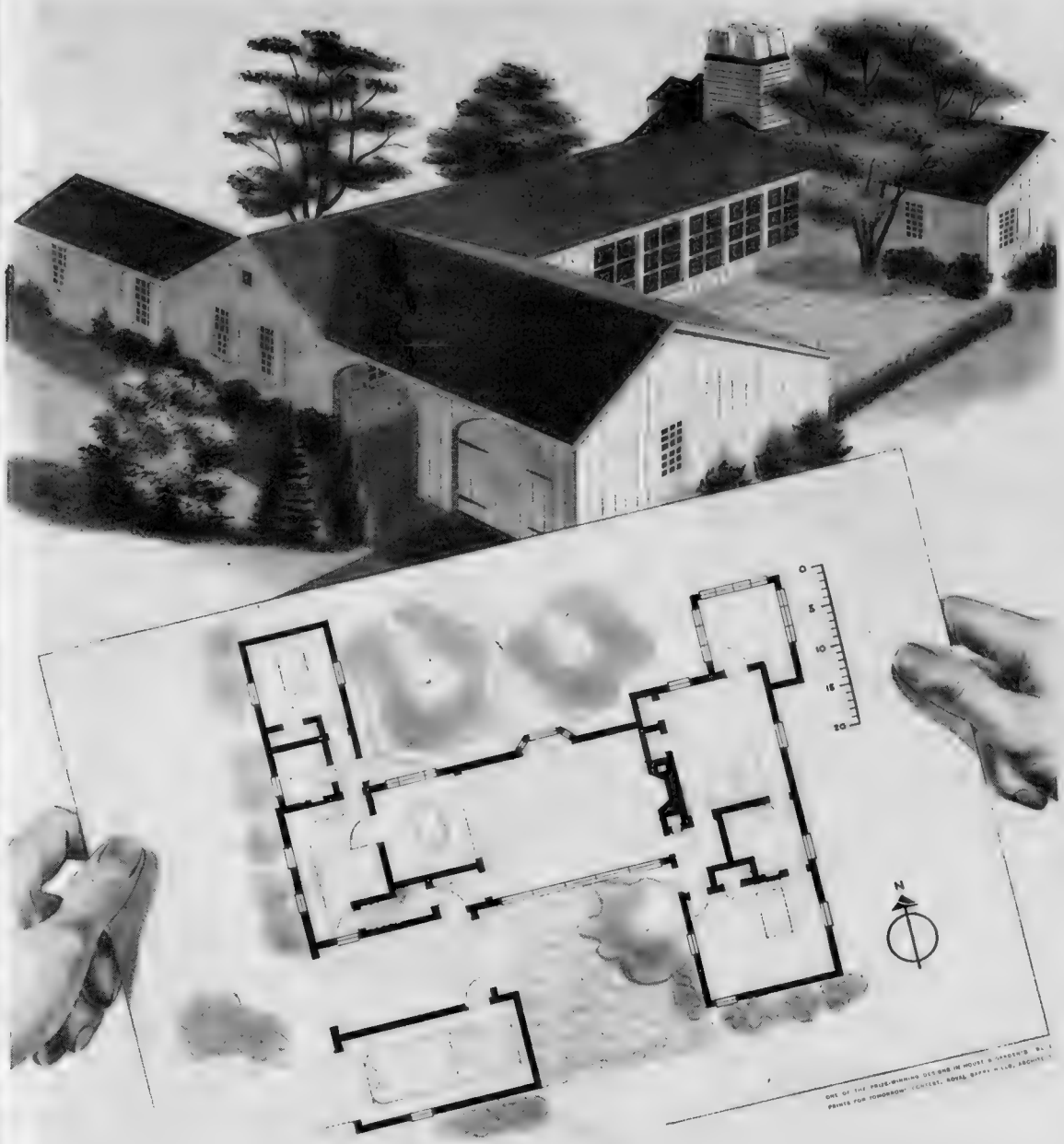
Back in 1933 the St. Louis Zoo was proud of its newly-arrived scarlet ibis with its plumage like a brilliant jet of flame. But the "fire" died out and the flame turned into a dingy, dull-white garb.

Then, in 1943, the experts heard that Dr. Lee Crandall at Bronx Zoo, in order to keep captive canaries yellow, had gone Hialeah race track one better and to Miami's flamingo diet had added sweet red peppers and brewer's yeast.

The diet worked on the canaries and it worked on New York's flamingoes, too.

The St. Louis Zoo tried the diet on its own flamingoes and the forlorn "scarlet" ibis — pale as a ghost — horned in on the feedings. Finally changes were noticed and after the next moult the bird's scarlet feathers were completely restored.

Although most of the experimental feeding diets are yielding favorable results, authorities agree that they are being conducted on a hit-or-miss basis. The plumage may be restored in color, in some cases, but no one knows the exact factor in the diet—if it is the diet—that produces the result. That's why a post-war research program is being planned to solve the problem.



What is lacking in this house plan?

Don't strain your eyes looking for misplaced closets. The architect didn't make any mistakes.

The thing that is lacking in this house plan is life insurance covering the full amount of the mortgage. This mortgage protection makes it certain that the house will be "free and clear" even though something might happen to the breadwinner of the family.

Paying off a mortgage is only one of the good things that life insurance can do for you and your family. It can provide an education for your children, give your wife a chance to train herself for a good job if anything should happen to you — pile up money for your own use when you reach retirement age.

Let your local John Hancock agent show you how the many good things life insurance does can work to do the things you need to have done and can afford.

An 83-year-old mutual life insurance company serving over 7,750,000 policyholders.

John Hancock
MUTUAL
LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
OF BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

GUY W. COX
Chairman of the Board

PAUL F. CLARK
President

STRANGE

By Peter Levins

IF YOU have an appetite for mystery—as who hasn't?—then prepare yourself for a feast. This is the story of the Borden case, generally considered America's greatest murder mystery.

The scene was an unpretentious, two-story frame dwelling on Second St., Fall River, Mass., then a peaceful mill town of 75,000. In this house, situated only a few minutes' walk from the center of town, lived Andrew J. Borden, 70, wealthy bank president; his second wife, Abby, 64; two daughters by Borden's first marriage, Emma, 37, and Lizzie, 32; and one servant, Bridget Sullivan, nicknamed Maggie.

Borden, director in several companies, was worth well over $250,000, yet lived frugally, and the rest of the household had to follow his example. He had been married to the former Abby Durfee for 27 years.

Both spinster daughters bore exemplary characters. Miss Lizzie (she'd been christened Lizzie) was a Sunday School teacher, secretary of the Christian Endeavor Society, a worker in the Women's Christian Temperance Union and the auxiliary of the Y.W.C.A. Miss Emma hardly figures in the story because she was visiting friends in Fairhaven at the time of the murders.

The chronology of events:

On Tuesday, Aug. 2, 1892, Mr. and Mrs. Borden became violently ill during the night but felt much better by morning.

At about noon Wednesday, John Vinnicum Morse, a brother of the first Mrs. Borden, arrived for a visit. He ate a midday dinner with the family but suffered no ill-effects. During the afternoon he visited the Borden farm at Swansea, and returned to the house that evening.

That same evening, Lizzie called on Miss Alice Russell, one of her best friends. Lizzie said she had decided to follow Miss Russell's advice and go away for a vacation. "I feel depressed," she added. "I feel as if something were hanging over me that I can't throw off."

The next morning Mr. and Mrs. Borden had breakfast with Morse shortly after 7. This famous meal—famous because of its makeup—consisted of mutton soup, mutton, cakes, coffee and bananas. It was the third time in 24 hours the mutton soup had been warmed up.

Morse left at 7:45, Borden letting him out.

Then Lizzie appeared. First she said she didn't care for any breakfast, then decided to have some coffee and cookies.

Maggie became ill about 9:30. Mr. Borden had left for his office.

The three women, Mrs. Borden, Lizzie and Maggie, were now alone in the house. Mrs. Borden, busy with a feather duster,

"Maggie, Come Down! Come Down Quick! Father's Dead! Somebody Came In and Killed Him!"

CASE of Lizzie Borden

ered Maggie to wash the windows of the lower floor.

Maggie gathered her washing equipment in the barn out back and in the cellar, then went through the kitchen, dining room and sitting room to close the windows. She found these rooms empty.

AT 10:45 she heard Borden fumbling at the front door. He had gone to the side door, found the wooden door open but the screen door latched, then proceeded to the front. Maggie found the front door not only locked but triple-locked with bolt, key and spring lock. The business of undoing all these locks caused the servant to utter some sort of annoyed and possibly unladylike exclamation.

At that moment, she heard Miss Lizzie, at the head of the stairs, or in the hall above, laugh.

Lizzie came down, inquired about the mail, then informed her father that Mrs. Borden had received a note from somebody who was sick, and had gone out. Borden mounted the back stairs to his own chamber but soon returned and relaxed by a window in the sitting room.

Maggie finished up her window-washing while Lizzie placed an ironing board on the dining room table and began to iron some handkerchiefs.

Maggie rinsed the cloths she had been using and hung them up in the kitchen. Lizzie came in from the dining room.

"I thought you'd like to know," she said, "that there is a cheap sale of dress goods at Sargent's today. Only eight cents a yard."

Maggie went up to her room and lay down for a rest. Shortly afterward she heard the City Hall clock strike 11.

Ten or 15 minutes later she heard Lizzie call:

"Maggie, come down!"

"What's the matter?" the servant queried.

"Come down, quick! Father's dead! Somebody came in and killed him!"

Maggie hurried down. Lizzie dispatched her at once to the home of Dr. S. W. Bowen across the street. Dr. Bowen was out, so she returned.

"Miss Lizzie," she asked, "where were you when this happened?"

"Out in the yard. I heard a groan, and when I came in the screen door was wide open. I think you'd better go get Miss Russell."

Maggie again left. Lizzie went to the side door and called to a neighbor:

"Oh, Mrs. Churchill—do come over. Someone has killed father!"

Soon doctors, friends, police officers, were crowding into the house. Not until then did anyone other than Lizzie enter the sitting room.

Borden lay on a sofa, his head and face hacked beyond recognition. His clothing was not disarranged; his pockets had not been touched. Death had struck very quickly.

"I do wish someone would find Mrs. Borden," said Lizzie.

Maggie refused to go upstairs alone, so Mrs. Churchill went with her. They found Mrs. Borden dead on the floor of the guest room. She, too, had been hit many times, apparently with a hatchet. The condition of her wounds indicated that she died at least one hour BEFORE her husband.

Meanwhile, the first policeman on the scene had dashed off to report the murder of Andrew Borden. No search of the house got under way for quite a while. (The local police force was holding its annual picnic that same day, which meant that the detective brains of Fall River were not immediately available.)

John Morse strolled in during all the excitement. He had an iron-clad alibi.

LIZZIE, questioned by Officer Philip Harrington, said that at the moment her father was killed she had been in the loft of the barn seeking a sinker for a fishing line. She estimated that she had been there 20 minutes. Harrington examined the loft, which he found unbearably hot—indeed, August 4 turned out to be the hottest day of that summer in more ways than one.

This officer was to testify that, so far as he could see, the heavy dust on the floor of the loft had been undisturbed.

Dr. Bowen remembered the sudden fits of illness that had seized members of the family. This led to the discovery that Lizzie had tried to buy some prussic acid—to kill moths in a sealskin coat—at the D. R. Smith pharmacy the previous day. The drug clerk had refused to sell it.

The note alleged to have been delivered to Mrs. Borden did not turn up. Neither did the messenger, nor the sender.

Lizzie and Emma offered $5,000 reward for the arrest and conviction of the murderer. On August 11 Lizzie was placed under arrest at the conclusion of a secret inquest, and late that month preliminary hearings opened before an audience consisting largely of star reporters and feature writers from all over the nation.

A hatchet had been found in the cellar, as well as two axes, but there was no blood on them.

She was held for trial, much to the indignation of innumerable sympathizers who could not believe that this proper, church-going spinster could have been impelled to such an extreme of ferocity. No, not even if the initial victim had been her stepmother, whose prospective status as inheriting widow might have planted selfish thoughts in Lizzie's enigmatic mind.

People doubted she could have survived the slaughter without being drenched with blood.

In the trial, which opened on June 3, 1893, the state held:

That Lizzie had a motive: She wished to get her hands on her share of the estate, and also hated her stepmother.

Lizzie Borden—"Took an Ax and Gave Her Mother Forty Whacks."

That she had the design to commit the crime.

That she had the opportunity, the means and the capacity.

And that she had betrayed what is known in the courts as "consciousness of guilt."

This last point was the strongest one advanced by her accusers. Observers agreed the story about the note summoning Mrs. Borden from the house, when in fact she never left the house, took a deal of explaining.

Alice Russell testified that she saw her friend burn a dress on the Sunday following the murders. She said Lizzie had told her that the dress was covered with paint.

The defendant's testimony taken at the inquest was not allowed in evidence, for it was ruled that she had, in effect, been a prisoner at that time.

As for Lizzie's testimony at the trial, there wasn't any. She did not take the stand, which may have been a wise move, for on the afternoon of the 13th day the jury acquitted her after deliberating only one hour and six minutes.

FREE and well fixed financially, Lizzie changed her name to Lizbeth—a questionable improvement—and with Emma moved to a more spacious house in a better part of town. She lived on for 35 years, a recluse locally, since Fall River folks were not inclined to call on her—especially if she was home alone—but became a frequent visitor to Boston, Washington and other points of interest. Finally she and Emma separated.

Lizzie died on June 1, 1927. Emma died 10 days later in her home at Newmarket, N. H. Between them they left $690,000, much of it to charities, and they joined Andrew and Abby in Oak Grove Cemetery in Fall River.

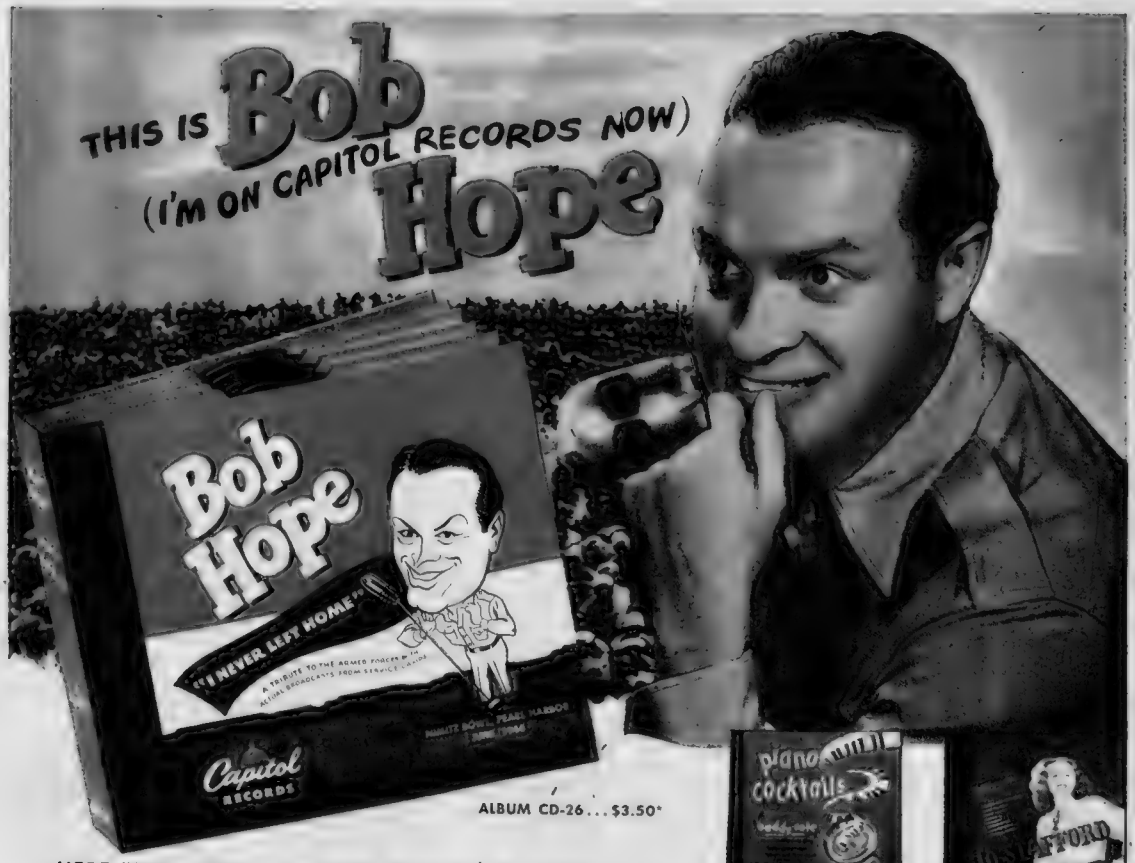
Thus the Borden case, which will live as long as murders are discussed, along with this testimonial composed by an unknown and possibly unkind contemporary:

Lizzie Borden took an ax
And gave her mother forty whacks;
When she saw what she had done—
She gave her father forty-one!

Next week Peter Levins will review the extraordinary case of Mike Malloy, Most Durable Man.

Illustrated by DAN CONTENT

THIS IS Bob Hope
(I'M ON CAPITOL RECORDS NOW)



ALBUM CD-26 . . . $3.50*

HERE THEY COME . . . the gags, the stunts, the tributes that made Bob Hope the most popular G.I. entertainer of them all!

On these records Bob gives you the best comedy from his actual service camp broadcasts during the war years . . . together with his magnificent tributes to the United States Army, Navy, Marine Corps and Coast Guard.

IT WAS INEVITABLE that Capitol should be first with this album . . . for Capitol's ears are attuned to the voices of the public. The millions of boys and gals who first heard Hope's shows on lonely, far-flung battlefronts demanded it. The millions who didn't hear them wanted in on the act. And Capitol was FIRST TO HEAR . . . AND ANSWER!

SO HERE IT IS! 'I Never Left Home' . . . This is Bob Hope . . . at his wise-cracking best . . . at the comic heights to which America's men and women in uniform inspired him. You'll say "Thanks for the Memory"! (Available at your Capitol Record Dealer.)

THE CAPITOL . . . a monthly magazine of the latest news and reviews of your favorite stars and bands. Keep informed on the latest happenings in today's musical world! Get a FREE copy at your Capitol Record Dealer

COMING . . . CAPITOL'S NEW ELECTRONIC PHONOGRAPH . . . (Table Model T-13). Hollywood styled cabinet of beautiful walnut finish. A thrilling new experience in brilliant, life-like record reproduction

SMART, HANDSOME PORTABLE MODELS, designed and styled by Hollywood Sound Engineers. A revolutionary electronic development . . . plays anywhere . . . trains, planes, boats. At your Capitol Record Dealer SOON!

"PIANO COCKTAILS"
By BUDDY COLE All time hits by Hollywood's top pianist.
ALBUM BD-24 . . . . . $2.50*

JO STAFFORD
8 great favorites of Jo's record and radio fans.
ALBUM BD-23 . . . . . $2.50*

RHUMBA . . . CARLOS MOLINA
and his "Music Of The Americas"
ALBUM BD-25 . . . . . $2.50*

MARGARET O'BRIEN
tells "Two Stories For Children" . . . for young and old.
ALBUM CC-21 . . . . . $2.75*

STRAUSS WALTZES
Eight perennial favorites in new sparkling arrangements
ALBUM BD-22 . . . . . $2.50*

KING COLE TRIO
The hits that made them America's most popular combo.
ALBUM BD-8 . . . . . $2.50*

MUSIC FOR DREAMING
Mood magic by Paul Weston and his orchestra.
ALBUM BD-9 . . . . . $2.50*

SLACK'S BOOGIE WOOGIE
features Freddie's 8-beat piano.
ALBUM BD-12 . . . . . $2.50*

Capitol RECORDS
FIRST WITH THE HITS FROM HOLLYWOOD

*PLUS TAXES

LIN-X

Self-Polishing

WAX

IS ANTI-SLIP

EVEN WHEN WET

HERE'S the wax you've been waiting for, ladies . . . LIN-X Self-Polishing WAX—it's *anti-slip*, even when water is spilled on it—proved by Underwriters' Laboratories!

And all you do is just wipe it on! It dries in 20 minutes to a hard, lustrous, real-wax finish that's a joy to behold. It protects and it beautifies.

Only 59¢ pt. 98¢ qt.

LIN-X CREAM POLISH

POLISHES BONE-DRY!

Cleans as it polishes. Lin-x Cream Polish restores beauty to fine furniture without tiresome rubbing. It's non-oily—resists finger marks—polishes to a hard, waxy, gleaming surface.

Only 69¢ pint

LIN-X CLEAR-GLOSS

RESISTS BOILING WATER!

For linoleum and all wood surfaces. Resists boiling water, sizzling grease, fruit juices, perfume, even alcohol. Easy to use. Easy to clean. "Just brush it on!"

Only 95¢ pt. $1.70 qt.

TODAY! GET THESE GREAT

Lin-x

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Home Brighteners

Made by the Makers of Kem-Tone

Puzzling Pictures

ONE of the busiest and best amateur painters in England is a woman who honestly admits that she knows nothing about painting. Her name is Anne Wiltha and she's as baffled as the critics at the great quantity—and the strange quality—of the canvases she turns out.

"I never have been one to believe in ghosts," says Mrs. Wiltha, "but since 1941, when I first felt the urge to paint, someone, or something—I call it my spiritual guide for want of a better phrase—has been directing my hands."

"I Never Have Believed in Ghosts," Says the Amateur Artist, "but There's Something Unearthly About My Urge to Paint."

It was about five years ago when the English woman, who never had taken an art lesson in her life, knew that she had to try her hand at painting. Her hand fairly itched to put brush to canvas.

"I FELT silly," she said, "when I went in the art store with my two children. I had no idea what equipment I needed and the clerk looked at me as though I were just another foolish matron wasting her good money on a useless fling at a difficult profession."

Several days later the strange impulse hit Mrs. Wiltha again. She set up her easel in her living room, put a blank panel of canvas on it and spread out her paints.

"I had no idea what I wanted to paint," she said, "but I stood at the easel, waiting. Suddenly lines, like the shadowy pattern on an X-ray film, began to spread itself over the canvas—and I saw it was a simple landscape. All I did was paint over the lines of this ghostly tracing." That first effort amazed the woman's friends in the town of Windermere, where she lives, and frightened her. There was something uncanny about the way the job was done.

A week later the "command," as she puts it, came again and she set up another blank canvas on her easel. This time the subject was a portrait, the smiling face of a young girl. Again the undertaking was almost automatic. Mrs. Wiltha just laid color on the pattern that was glowing so mysteriously before her astounded eyes.

Since then she has done many pictures, some in oils, others in water color. They are not masterpieces, but they are good. Many an able art critic has said so.

"I'm no longer scared at what some people call my talent, but I can't explain it so that it makes much sense," says Mrs. Wiltha. "Every now and then the inspiration to do a picture hits me and I go to work. I never know what the subject is going to be until it appears X-ray-like on the blank canvas."

TO DATE the woman's collection of paintings includes portraits, landscapes, animals, and just designs, some of them highly original and, with the natural improvement in her painting skill, worth hanging with the works of experts.

No one who has talked with Mrs. Wiltha, or watched her work, has questioned the honesty of her statements. They have found her a person of normal intelligence and of becoming honesty. She has no yearning for the limelight.

"I'm always a little afraid," she says, "that people think I'm a crackpot."

"I know I have improved in technique," she said the other day, "and the brushes no longer feel awkward in my hand, but it always embarrasses me to have people compliment me on work I have never felt is mine."

Amazing New Antiseptic Deodorant Actually Checks Perspiration Yet is Safe for Skin!

SAFELY STOPS ODOR! NO EMBARRASSMENT ...with COLGATE'S VETO! says ELVA BIRD Registered Nurse
SAFELY CHECKS PERSPIRATION! VETO KEEPS YOU WELL-GROOMED, DAINTY! says MAE CHUBB Registered Nurse
SAFE FOR SKIN! COLGATE'S VETO IS ANTISEPTIC! says EDNA HINES Registered Nurse
SAFE FOR CLOTHES! NO ROTTED DRESSES ...with COLGATE'S VETO! says HARRIET HUNT Registered Nurse

DOES NOT ROT CLOTHES . . . Because of *Duratex*, New Safety Ingredient Found Only in Veto!

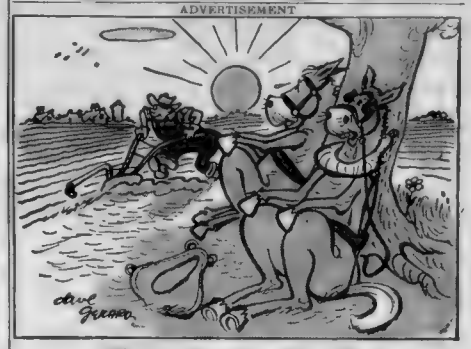
Veto—Colgate's cream deodorant—is different from *any* deodorant you've ever used before! Because it contains *Duratex*, an *exclusive new* safety ingredient—Veto *does not rot clothes!* Veto is *safe* for any normal skin! It spreads and rubs in easily, is *easier* to use! It stays moist in jar. So use Veto regularly, to stop odor, check perspiration—*safely!* 10¢ and larger sizes. Drug and cosmetic counters.

Colgate's VETO

Stays Moist In The Jar!

APPROVED SAFE FOR FABRICS Better Fabrics Bureau

ADVERTISEMENT



"There's no keepin' up with him since he started eating Wheaties!"

If you want to *keep up*, you better *start up* with a better breakfast—including milk, fruit, and Wheaties, "Breakfast of Champions." Zesty nourishment in those *whole wheat* flakes. And zippy nut-sweet flavor. Start eating your Wheaties—tomorrow morning!

A FEW DROPS . . . KEEP YOU

ASTRING-O-SOL

EFFECTIVE MOUTH WASH

Concentrated to last longer . . . originated by a dentist and used by dentists and physicians the world over.

Frederick Stearns & Co., Division — Detroit 31, Michigan

Cakes and Pies and Real Home Fries . . .

that's what every man dreams of!

Now you can make 'em better!

CRISCO improves all 3

CRISCO CHOCO-LIGHT CAKE

New Crisco cakes are better on every count—lighter—richer—moister—tenderer! But note that this new-method recipe is designed for **cake flour**—**should not be used with emergency flour.**

Measure into mixing bowl:

1 ½ cups cake flour (sifted before measuring)
1 ⅓ cups sugar • ½ cup Crisco
1 tsp. salt • 1 tsp. soda
2 squares melted bitter chocolate • ½ cup milk

Stir vigorously by hand or with mixer (medium speed) 2 minutes. Now stir in (all by itself):

¾ tsp. baking powder

Add: **½ cup milk • 1 tsp. vanilla**
2 eggs, unbeaten

Blend by hand or in mixer (medium speed) for 2 minutes.

Pour into two 9" layer pans (1½" deep) which have been rubbed with Crisco and lined with waxed paper. Bake in moderate oven (350°F.) 25 to 30 minutes. (*Crisco has a baking secret. It makes cakes lighter than the most expensive shortening. With Crisco—only with Crisco—we promise you a better cake all 'round from this recipe!*) Frost with chocolate fudge icing All Measurements Level.

1. CAKES THEY'RE LIGHTER! THEY'RE RICHER!

CRISCO APPLE SCOTCH PIE

6 to 8 apples
1½ cups brown sugar
1 cup water
2 tsps. vinegar
4 tbsps. flour
⅛ tsp. salt
1 tsp. butter
1 tsp. vanilla
Double-crust recipe Crisco Pastry
All Measurements Level

Pare, core and slice apples. Heat half of sugar with water and vinegar. Add apples and simmer until tender. Remove apples from syrup. Mix remaining sugar with flour and salt. Add slowly to syrup and cook until thickened. Remove from heat; add butter and vanilla. Line 9" pie pan with Crisco pastry. (*Yes, ma'am! You can get flaky, tender pie crust every single time! Just follow the easy, sure-fire Pastry Method on the Crisco label—be sure to use Crisco—and you'll say good-bye to pie failures. And Crisco pastry is digestible!*) Fill with apples and add hot mixture. Cover with strips of pastry arranged lattice fashion. Bake in hot oven (425°F.) 10 minutes, then lower to moderate (375°F.) and bake 25 to 35 min.

2. PIE CRUST FLAKY, TENDER EVERY TIME!

3. FRIED FOODS CRISP, LIGHT DIGESTIBLE!

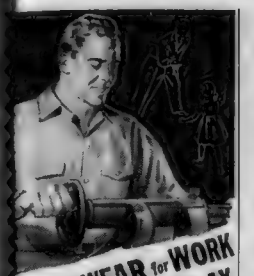
CRISCO PAN-FRIED FRENCH-FRIES with Barbecued Meat Balls

Cut raw potatoes into small cubes. Soak in cold water several hours. Dry thoroughly. Fry in skillet in half inch of Crisco. (*No need to fear upset digestions! Foods fried crisp and light in pure, all-vegetable Crisco not only taste better—they're so digestible even children may eat 'em!*) Stir potatoes to brown on all sides.

Barbecued Meat Balls—Mix 1 tbsp. flour, 1 tbsp. sugar, 1 cup tomato juice, 2 tbsps. Worcestershire Sauce, 1 tsp. salt and ¼ tsp. pepper. Bring to boil. Brown meat balls in pure, snowy Crisco. Add sauce and simmer for a few minutes.

CRISCO COOK BOOK—Send 10¢ in coin and a Crisco label (any size) to Crisco, Dept. A, Box 837, Cincinnati 1, Ohio, for the 64-page "Recipes for Good Eating." Offer good in the United States.

CRISCO is America's largest selling Vegetable Shortening—IT'S DIGESTIBLE!



GOOD WEAR for WORK
GOOD LOOKS for PLAY

Reeves
ARMY TWILL
MADE TO GOVERNMENT SPECIFICATIONS
SANFORIZED

REEVES Army Twill is a double duty fabric that's right for work and play. It's highly resistant to wear and tear, and its wide variety of vat dyed colors are fast to sun, water and perspiration. Being Sanforized*, it can take repeated washings and still come up fresh and new. For better looks and longer wear—demand Reeves Army Twill.

*Residual shrinkage less than 1%

Reeves

REEVES BROTHERS, INC
54 Worth Street, New York 13, N. Y.

71 FIRST STEP STOCKS
FOR A LONG TERM PROGRAM OF SUCCESSFUL INVESTING

One of the most important studies this company has ever released is being distributed to our nation-wide clientele of investors—HOW LONG WILL THE BOOM LAST?

If you are seeking advice—when to sell—which securities to buy for a predicted further advance—which industries to buy into and which to avoid—be sure to get this analysis prepared by the largest firm of investment analysts in America.

SEND FOR THIS SPECIAL STUDY TODAY!

$1 Clip a dollar to this ad, attach your name and address, and we will send you the study, HOW LONG WILL THE BOOM LAST? In addition, we will send you 3 issues of THE OUTLOOK, a service for investors.

Offer open to new readers only

STANDARD & POOR'S CORPORATION
345 Hudson Street, New York 14, N.Y.
A-791-1298

The "Borden Case" Is America's Greatest Murder Mystery

The scene was an unpretentious, two-story frame dwelling on Second St., Fall River, Mass. Andrew Borden, 70, his second wife, Abby, and his two daughters lived there. Lizzie Borden, one of the daughters, had a motive—but that's telling you the story. Read "The Strange Case of Lizzie Borden" in this issue,

on Page 30.

White Collar War

NOT long ago the men of Cape Town, South Africa, seemed on the verge of a revolution. Warm weather was setting in again—and an anonymous agitator known only as Mr Comfort was as hot as the atmosphere at the southern tip of the Dark Continent.

For days he exhorted his fellow citizens who work in stores and offices to rebel against stupid custom, to brave the wrath of their wives and refuse to swelter in collars and ties.

His call to arms appeared in all the city's newspapers, on handbills and signboards. Let this be the year, he said, when males stand up for their rights and go to work in open-necked sport shirts.

The Wives Turned Thumbs Down on Mr. Comfort's Battle for Sensible Styles.

One of his newspaper appeals to his brothers-in-white collars read: "Well, gentlemen, the date is fixed. The day on which we will throw convention to the winds is set, and comfort shall prevail. If every one of you clerks and office workers turns up wearing a glad-neck (that's South African for open-neck) shirt, then a new fashion will be born for men. In unity there is strength."

This was one of the mildest of Mr. Comfort's tirades against the unwritten law that in all the city's banks, stores, and most of its business offices, men must wear collars and ties—and, in most places, coats.

He called upon wives and merchants and the heads of business concerns to back him—for the comfort of their menfolks and in the name of civilized common sense—but for all his energy and eloquence the war was almost as much of a fizzle as it was last year and the year before.

A few hardy disciples of dress reform left their homes tieless on D. R. Day, as the papers spoofingly called Mr. Comfort's deadline, but most of them had neckties in their pockets, just in case.

The skirmish with convention might have come off better if the government offices in Cape Town hadn't posted notices in various public buildings that there was to be no departure from the traditional custom of dress for male employes. And the banks were adamant, too.

Mr. Comfort reluctantly conceded defeat again, but he blamed the wives of white collar men more than the brass hats of government and business.

"If the women—who always dress in cool comfort during the hot weather—had stood by their husbands," he wrote in a final communique, "the battle would have been won."

He Prays by Compass

WHEN the Emir Abdullah, ruler of Transjordan, travels by plane—which he did not long ago, from Palestine to England—he carries a compass.

Four times during the flight, the Emir took his compass from its leather case, accurately located the east, faced in that direction and prayed in the manner of all ardent Moslems. Mecca lay due east and Mohammedans turn their faces toward Mecca when they say their prayers.

The Emir's secretary courteously explained to curious passengers that his master had learned by experience that the sun is not visible during bad flying weather. That's why he had bought the compass—one of the best military models—which he always carries when he flies.

Each time the Emir began to fumble for his compass, the other members of his suite—his prime minister, his personal physician and his secretary—took the cue from their gray-bearded boss and said their prayers, too, being careful to face exactly where he did.

The bearded Emir, who is soon to celebrate his 64th birthday, is a pleasant, as well as a devout, traveling companion. He makes up witty little epigrams which, it is said, he repeats to the 36 wives of his harem.

When he was honored in England with a 21-gun salute he smiled and said to his suite of officials: "One and 20 shots of a cannon. How grand that this happened on my arrival. Let us hope that they don't shoot them at me when I depart for home."

"My Husband's Gas Trouble Seems To Be Back, Doctor."

"SOAPING" dulls hair—
Halo glorifies it!

Here's why your very first Halo Shampoo will leave your hair aglow with natural luster!

1. Halo reveals the true natural beauty of your hair the very first time you use it . . . leaves it shimmering with glorious highlights. 2. Even finest soaps leave dingy soap-film on hair. But Halo contains no soap. Made with a new patented ingredient it cannot leave dull soap-film! 3. Needs no lemon or vinegar after-rinse. Halo rinses away, quickly and completely! 4. Makes oceans of rich, fragrant lather, in hardest water. Leaves hair sweet, naturally radiant! 5. Carries away unsightly loose dandruff like magic! 6. Lets hair dry soft and manageable, easy to curl!

Reveals the Hidden Beauty of your Hair!

FOR DOUBLE EDGE RAZORS

DOUBLE your "cheek-appeal" with Star—the amazing, new process blade. Makes your double edge razor perform miracles!

MADE BY 6NX PROCESS

FOR SINGLE EDGE RAZORS

SHAVE without a struggle. Get Star! The blade millions of men proved with billions of shaves!

Star Division, American Safety Razor Corp., Brooklyn 1, N. Y.

HURRAY!

ANOTHER NUTRITIONAL FIRST FOR SHOTWELL!

The minerals we all need in the candy we all LOVE!

Here now is a confection that combines the delights of candy eating with nutrition that is ever-so-important to health!

One 4-ounce bag of Fortified Puritan Marshmallows provides as much calcium as 1½ glasses of milk, as much phosphate as 1 glass of milk, and as much Vitamin D as 1½ glasses of milk. And experts agree that nearly all of us need more of these three food essentials than we get in our meals!

Due to the sugar shortage, Fortified Puritan Marshmallows aren't readily obtainable at present. But keep looking, keep asking for them. They should be available soon.

The good flavor and mineral content of Forbtfied Puritans remain the same—no matter how they are served!

Shotwell's "Hi-Mac"

Shotwell's "Hi-Mac" candy bar has a smooth chocolate coating, a luscious chocolaty center, a layer of chewy caramel—and now Vitamin B_1, as well. Vitamin B_1 increases the energy-yielding value of sugar . . . and now B_1 is right in "Hi-Mac."

Shotwell's BIG YANK

Once, again Shotwell is making that favorite of long standing—the Big Yank candy bar. Big Yank has a rich chocolate coating, roasted peanuts, a marshmallow center and a layer of delicately flavored fudge

FEET Hurting You?

TORTURED by burning, itching dryness, or by blistered, cracked skin? Enjoy a hot Resinol Soap foot bath. Then smooth on soothing, specially medicated Resinol. Feel like new, as you relax in quick, lingering comfort.

RESINOL OINTMENT AND SOAP

Save Fingers with Steel-Grip Finger Guards

Hundreds of factories are saving time and protecting workers with Steel-Grip Finger Guards. Used for handling rough, sharp articles, baffing, grinding, sanding, polishing, punch press work, many other jobs. Wear on fingers or thumb, front or back. Durable leather, elastic web back for snug, cool, comfortable fit. Easy on and off. One size fits all, men, or women. Send 10c each for samples or trial order box of 50 at $4.25 less 10%

Mailing of Steel-Grip Safety Apparel free on request

INDUSTRIAL GLOVES COMPANY

Factory Industrial Distributors Save This 687 Garfield, Danville, Ill. 11c Canada. Safety Bumper Co., Toronto

Historic Hunch

ONE Saturday afternoon in 1911 the city editor of the then struggling Boston American had a hunch that made newspaper history; he smelt murder in what the city's other dailies accepted as the suicide of an obscure young girl from Cape Cod in her Y. W. C. A. room.

That hunch, played with high journalistic courage and some dogged detective work by the American's reporters, drove a handsome young minister—the Reverend Clarence Richeson—to a confession, and the electric chair. It developed into one of the most dramatic and cold-blooded crime stories in the history of newspaperdom.

A City Editor's Hunch Sent a Handsome Young Minister to the Electric Chair for Cold-Blooded Murder.

The inside story of this crime and the hunch that led to its solution will appear in next week's American Weekly. It's called "Justice for a Ruined Girl." Paul Gallico has given the article the flair of fiction.

EVERY now and then some artist with an extraordinary talent for depicting the familiar but marvelous miracles of Mother Nature turns out pictures that deserve the widest possible circulation.

Such a collection of pictures is spread over two pages in the next issue of this magazine. The paintings, gathered under the timely title, "The Bees and the Flowers," are reproduced in brilliant, natural color.

Novelist Louis Bromfield, gentleman farmer and no stranger to the importance of bees and flowers in the great scheme of things, has written some enlightening words to add to the pleasure of the pictures.

THREE terrible diseases that afflict mankind—toxic goitre, cancer and leukemia—may be brought under control if medical science is given a free hand in the field of nuclear physics which produced the atomic bomb.

Radioactive Iodine already is being used in the treatment of toxic goitre and permanent cures seem to be indicated.

The next issue of this magazine carries an important story of this development in the conquest of disease—and a signed article by a Massachusetts woman who, apparently, has been cured of goitre by drinking a single small glass of radioactive Iodine.

I am at my loveliest always

I use Park & Tilford "COLOR-KEYED" FACE POWDER

YOU, too, will be *loveliest* with the CORRECT shade of face powder. How to be sure? See the Park & Tilford "Shade Selector" at any toilet-goods counter. *Instantly*, it reveals the shade COLOR-KEYED to your greater glamour! And this powder is *amazingly* fine—stays on hours. In $1 and smaller sizes.

IT'S BEAUTY-WISE..TO GLAMOURIZE..WITH PARK & TILFORD PERFUMES & COSMETICS

PERFUMES: No. 3, DESIRE, ADVENTURE, LILAC & GARDENIA
COLOGNES: IN SIX EXQUISITE FRAGRANCES
LIPSTICKS: IN ELEVEN GLAMOUROUS SHADES
CAKE MAKE-UP: IN FOUR FASHIONABLE SHADES
PERFUMED DEODORANT: LIQUID—SO EASY TO APPLY

Imagine this COLD WAVE PERMANENT in 2 to 3 hours at home

Yes,—women are utterly amazed with the New Charm-Kurl Supreme COLD WAVE home kit. It's fast acting, takes only 2 to 3 hours, yet—gives perfect results every time. Try it today,—"takes" on coarse or fine hair,—ideal, too, for children.

NOW Only 98¢ PLUS TAX

"I did it myself... and saved $14.00, besides. No more beauty shops for me." With the New Charm-Kurl *Supreme* it's done in a jiffy. Contains the *same ingredients used in beauty salons* giving COLD WAVES costing up to $15.00 or more. The result will be luxurious curls and waves that are natural looking and easy to manage. Your wave will last months and months. *Satisfaction guaranteed or money back.* Get a kit today. Be sure to ask for

THE NEW Charm-Kurl SUPREME COLD WAVE HOME KIT

Each Charm-Kurl SUPREME COLD WAVE Kit contains everything you need.

For sale at drug stores, cosmetic counters, and 5c and 10c stores.

America's Favorite for beautiful floors!

More women use Glo-Coat than any other floor polish

Millions prefer it! Yes, millions of wives and mothers who take pride in lustrous floors insist on Glo-Coat. It's because Glo-Coat gives their floors added beauty . . . and extra cleanliness and protection as well.

And so easily. Just spread Glo-Coat on your clean floor . . . let it dry . . . and watch it shine. No rubbing, no buffing . . . no streaks or dull spots. The floor keeps its brand new look because spilled things wipe up without leaving a trace.

You'll discover, too, that Glo-Coat lengthens the life of linoleum. Its tough, shining shield protects the surface from dirt, friction and moisture. Linoleum makers themselves strongly recommend this type of care. Glo-Coat is also wonderful for asphalt or rubber tile, or finished wood floors.

Why not follow the lead of the millions of women who use Glo-Coat? You'll save yourself hours of work . . . and save your floors!

New! DRAX for Clothes and Fabrics

Johnson's DRAX is a protective rinse for clothes and fabrics that will make them resist dirt, shed water, keep fresh longer!

1. Look for the DRAX tag on garments you buy.
2. Ask your laundry or dry cleaner for DRAX service.

© S. C. Johnson & Son, Inc., Racine, Wisconsin, 1946

Radio's Big Night is Tuesday Night, with Fibber McGee and Molly. Tune in NBC

Five Famous Johnson Polishes:

Self-Polishing Glo-Coat, Paste Wax, Liquid Wax, Cream Wax, Carnu for Cars

WALTER THORNTON
Pin-Up Girl
BETTY ANN SHEETS

Try just *one* application *tonight*—then compare the lovelier, natural-looking color tones — the fresh radiance — the sparkling highlights and clear, soft, exquisite beauty of your hair. *Get all three* today—Glover's original Mange Medicine—GLO-VER Beauty Shampoo — Glover's Imperial Hair Dress — use separately or in one complete treatment. Ask for regular sizes at any Drug Store or Drug Counter—or mail Coupon for FREE application!

FREE TRIAL SIZE

Send Coupon for all three products in hermetically - sealed bottles, with complete instructions for Glover's 3-Way Treatment and useful FREE booklet, "The Scientific Care of Scalp and Hair."

GLOVER'S

GLOVER'S, 101 West 31st St., Dept. 835-A New York, N. Y.

Send Free Trial Application package in plain wrapper by return mail, containing Glover's Mange Medicine, GLO-VER Shampoo and Glover's Hair Dress, in 3 hermetically-sealed bottles, with FREE booklet. I enclose 10c to cover cost of packaging and postage.

Name .....
Address .....
City ..... Zone ..... State .....

SPEAK THROUGH ANY RADIO

Broadcast your personal message, birthday greetings, etc., from another room. Fun at parties. Tell the kiddies stories, etc. Easy to connect instructions included.

$1.00 Postage Extra

DEALERS INQUIRIES INVITED
UTILITY STORES
117 S. Wabash, Dept. E-15 Chicago 3, Ill.

Send me ☐ Mike Jrs. at $1.00 each, Postage Extra ☐ Check ☐ Money Order
Name .....
R. or R.F.D. .....
City ..... Zone ..... State .....

SKIN UPSET?
PIMPLES
BLACKHEADS
EXTERNALLY CAUSED

Palmer's "SKIN SUCCESS" Soap is a special soap containing the same costly medication as 10¢ size proved Palmer's "SKIN SUCCESS" Ointment. Whip up the rich cleansing, FOAMY MEDICATION with finger tips, wash cloth or brush and allow to remain on 1 minute. Amazing quick results come to many skins afflicted with pimples, blackheads, whiteheads, itching of eczema, and other externally caused (but need not cause) hygiene. A bar of Palmer's "SKIN SUCCESS" Soap. For your youthful skin's loveliness, give your skin this luxurious 1 minute beauty treatment. At drug and toilet goods counters everywhere 75c.

On the pages that follow in this issue you will find:

Recipes for salad dressing ... *on page 40.*

Patterns for a junior miss blouse and skirt on page 40.

Recommended beauty helps for your skin problems on page 41.

"Tips to Shoppers" on page 45.

Household Almanac

Party for a June Wedding

"WHAT about a wedding cake with flour so different now, and shortening so scarce?" wrote an Almanac fan.

Her letter is typical of a good many at this time of year because weddings are in season. June weddings, simple affairs where Mom and Sis prepare all the refreshments themselves, as well as more elaborate parties where the cake and other foods are bought from a caterer.

If you have been hoarding the last of your cake flour or have a good bit of general-purpose flour left and have shortening, or can get it at your grocer's, by all means use them in your favorite white cake recipe for this special party of all parties.

Or make the bride's cake from this recipe below. If you are using some of the new 80 per cent extraction flour, use the same recipes, but observe two things: one of these is a possible notice on the flour package about adding more liquid than usual; and the second is be sure to not over-mix with the new flour.

White Color Scheme

THE traditional color scheme for the bridal breakfast or luncheon is white. White flowers, white china, crystal, silver, all on a white damask, lace or satiny rayon cloth. And this scheme is observed whether you have an intimate family party, all seated at one table; or small tables in addition to the bride's table; or when a buffet breakfast or luncheon is served.

The menu for either a breakfast or luncheon of this kind is the same. It may be as simple or as elaborate as your pocketbook dictates. For a very simple party, serve bride's cake, coffee and ice cream, with fruit punch in which to toast the bridal pair.

The more elaborate party, when you have the space, accessories and kitchen and dining room help to prepare and serve it, can be something as delicious as this menu: hot chicken or beef bouillon, oyster or lobster patties; celery and olives; cold roast chicken or turkey in aspic; small salad rolls; small sandwiches of cucumber, or walnuts, and salad dressing; the bride's cake and ice cream, or frozen pudding. Besides hot coffee, there is champagne or a wine punch in which to toast the bride and groom.

Which Cake?

THE wedding cake, strictly speaking, is a dark fruit cake, which is cut in small pieces, put in white boxes tied with white satin ribbon and perhaps decorated with a spray of lily of the valley or any other small white flower. These boxes are given to the guests. Romantic girls always place their piece of wedding cake under their pillow because any dream on such a piece of cake is guaranteed to show them their future bride grooms, no less.

The bride's cake is a white cake. It may be a simple two or three layer, homemade cake, richly iced, and left plain, or decorated with a miniature wedding bell or some other token of the occasion.

Or your nearest bake shop or caterer will bake a professional looking one, superbly decorated, and the price is usually but little more than the one you make at home, when all your costs are added together.

To Make the Bride's Cake

IF YOU are making your own cake, here is a new recipe and instructions.

Use two 15-inch layer cake pans; grease them well, and line them with waxed paper; then grease the paper also.

Do not double the recipe; just make the recipe twice, to insure good texture and perfect baking and make two batches of frosting. Doubling the recipe makes a difficult to handle batter and a too bulky batch of frosting.

Using the new 80 per cent flour makes a beautiful cake if you do not overbeat the batter. Add the flour with as few strokes, and mix as deftly, as possible. Add an extra tablespoon or two of milk if the label on your flour package says more liquid is needed in standard recipes with this flour.

- ¾ cup fortified margarine or shortening
- 1½ cups sugar
- 3 eggs
- 3 cups flour
- 5 teaspoons baking powder
- ¾ teaspoon salt
- 1 cup plus 2 tablespoons milk
- 1 teaspoon vanilla
- 1 teaspoon rosewater

Cream the margarine, adding the sugar gradually, beating till light and very fluffy. Add the eggs, one at a time, beating well after each addition.

Sift the flour and measure it, then sift it twice again with the baking powder and salt. Measure the milk and add the vanilla and rosewater to it.

Add the dry ingredients and milk alternately to the creamed margarine and sugar mixture, about one fourth of each at each time, using long folding strokes in this mixing. When the batter is smooth, pour it into one greased and paper-lined 15-inch layer cake pan.

Bake in a moderate oven (350 Deg.) 45 to 60 minutes, until baked well through the center and browned lightly over the top.

Repeat the recipe for the second layer. When both are baked, let them cool while you make frosting.

Bride's Cake Frosting

MAKE two batches of frosting. When the first is ready put the cooled layers together with it, using plenty between the layers; spread the rest of this batch on the sides of the layers.

When you mix the second batch of frosting, spread it thickly on top and again over the sides.

- 2 cups sugar
- ⅔ cup water
- ⅓ cup light corn syrup
- ½ teaspoon plain gelatin
- 2 tablespoons cold water
- 2 egg whites
- ⅛ teaspoon salt
- 1 teaspoon vanilla

Combine one-half cup of the sugar with one-third cup of water and cook this to the soft ball stage when tested in cold water. (Let a few drops fall from the side of the spoon into a cup of cold water; if they form a soft ball, this mixture is done.) Cook the rest of the sugar (1½ cups) with one-third cup of water and the corn syrup to the hard ball stage.

Soften the gelatin in the two tablespoons of cold water; then add to the first syrup. Set the syrup aside to cool slightly while the egg whites are beaten. Add the salt to the egg whites.

Add the first syrup to the beaten whites in a thin stream, beating constantly one to two minutes. Or till the mixture loses its gloss.

Add the second syrup in a thin stream and continue to beat. Add the vanilla. When the frosting stands high and lovely, frost between the layers and over the sides of the two-layer cake. Make a second batch and use as directed.

If you wish to decorate the cake with frosting flowers and leaves, save out one-half cup of the finished frosting; add confectioner's sugar to it, enough so the frosting will hold its shape. Use a pastry bag and tube and make scrolls or other forms on the cake.

This cake makes 10 or more large servings; twice that many thin ones.

Wedding Punch

- 12 oranges
- 2 lemons
- 2 quarts dry ginger ale
- 2 quarts champagne

Chill a large punch bowl by rinsing it in cold water; place a large chunk of ice in it, or a mound of ice cubes; pour the fruit juices over the ice, then the ginger ale and champagne. Serve at once. About 40 punch glasses. If a slightly sweeter punch is desired, sweeten the fruit juices a little with either sugar or corn syrup, and mix before pouring over the ice.

"No wonder Krispys taste so good!—
Just break one and you'll see
The tender flakes that make each one
As crisp as crisp can be"

From the first taste-teasing bite, you will love the crisp, flaky texture . . . the tangy, nut-like flavor of Sunshine Krispy Crackers. You'll understand immediately why they're a nationwide favorite with soups, salads, cheese and all sorts of spreads.

Just try Krispy Crackers! *Find out for yourself* why they are so popular!

...all through the meal!

"...and be sure to try these other Sunshine favorites, too!"

FROM THE THOUSAND WINDOW BAKERIES OF *Sunshine Biscuits,* INC.

"HONEST, LADY, WE'RE DOIN' OUR BEST!"

During the war, many of our big tuna clippers were "in the Navy." We're now beginning to get some of them back, but it will take time to re-condition them for tuna fishing. We are also building new boats...sleek and powerful...the largest all-steel tuna clippers ever launched. Most of them will be in service this year. Meanwhile, every man-jack is working overtime to supply your dealer as often as possible with these famous brands of *quality* tuna.

Buy EITHER Brand... the quality is the same

VAN CAMP SEA FOOD CO., INC.
Terminal Island, California

FAMOUS VAN CAMP SEA FOODS

WHITE STAR TUNA
Chicken of the Sea BRAND TUNA

They'll all go for Pabst-ett's cheddar cheese flavor!

Don't be without it! Pabst-ett's rich, mellow cheddar cheese flavor solves more than 100 menu problems. It's a cheese food that melts . . . spreads . . . slices . . . toasts to perfection. Children love it on crackers and in tasty sauces on their vegetables. And it's so good for them—highly nourishing and easy to digest. Two delicious varieties: Golden Cheddar and Pimento Pabst-ett. Phenix Pabst-ett Company, Chicago.

OTHER PHENIX PRODUCTS
Phenix Bouillon Cubes
Phenix Process Cheeses
Phenix Cream and Cheese Spreads
(7 varieties)

PABST-ETT—The delicious cheddar cheese food!

Using Frozen Poultry

IT'S EASY to cook with frozen food if just a little care is taken in its initial stage.

These are some of the ways that may help you.

If you have a frozen food locker filled with chicken, or buy frozen chicken frequently, you have a choice of four different ways to defrost it. Here they are: place the chicken in a pan under running water, separating the parts as soon as possible. This takes one-half to two hours, depending on size and how firmly the bird was frozen.

A second way is to leave the package at room temperature until the chicken is pliable. This is anywhere from two to six hours.

The third method of defrosting a frozen chicken is to place the bird in the refrigerator; this method defrosts the package overnight or, in a very cold refrigerator, in a day and a half.

The fourth method is to place the package before an electric fan and in one and a half to four hours of fanning it will be ready to cook.

Defrost Completely

THE home economists in the big poultry test kitchens say that frozen chicken should be completely defrosted before cooking. If it is cooked before completely defrosted allow more cooking time than is given in the recipes. Do not attempt to hurry the cooking by using high temperatures, or the appearance, flavor and texture will be sacrificed. And cook chicken as soon as it is defrosted.

Cook Completely

ALWAYS cook chicken and turkey well done. Slow cooked, at temperatures low to moderate, is the secret of good cooking for all sizes and ages of poultry and all methods of cooking. This means the delicate meat cooks uniformly tender; does not toughen; does not shrink much; keeps juicy; and is easy to carve and serve.

ORDER THESE CHARTS FOR YOUR KITCHEN

If you missed the good recipes published in past months, here's a chance to get them reprinted in easily usable form. Order them by name; send a three-cent stamp for each one you want.

Good Curry Dishes	Oyster Recipes
Dessert Sweets	Meat for Family Meals
Salads and Dressings	New Cookies
Vegetable Cookery	Selected Foreign Recipes
Let's Eat Fish	Waffles Tonight
Eggs for Every Meal	Pies and Pastry
"Stick-to-the-Ribs" Dishes	Pancakes and Rollups
18 Famous Almanac Recipes	22 Favorite Hebrew Recipes
20 Popular Salad Recipes	22 Almanac Preserves Recipes
Favorite Mexican Recipes	20 Delicious Vegetable Recipes
20 New England Recipes	Coffee Time Doughnuts & Cakes

They will be sent on receipt of a three-cent stamp for each. Write name and address plainly.

ALMANAC RECIPES DEPARTMENT
THE AMERICAN WEEKLY 959 EIGHTH AVENUE
NEW YORK 19, N. Y.

Sew for Fun

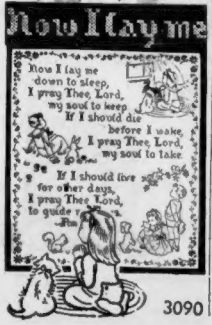
PATTERN 3811—NO SIDE SEAMS in skirt or bodice. Easy to sew wrap 'n' tie frock! Sizes 12-20. Size 16 dress 3¼ yards 35-inch.

PATTERN 3696—Junior Miss Delight, bra, shorts, blouse, dirndl skirt. Sizes 11-17 and 12-18. Size 13 bra and shorts, 1⅞ yards 35-inch.

PATTERN 3090 — BELOVED prayer in simple stitchery. Perfect for heirloom panel. Transfer of 16 x 19 inch picture and directions.

Price of each pattern is 20 CENTS (in coins). Print plainly SIZES, STYLE NUMBERS, NAME, ADDRESS. Send orders to: AMERICAN WEEKLY, PATTERN DEPARTMENT, 625 Avenue of the Americas, New York 11, New York.

Due to customs restrictions, Canadian orders cannot be filled.


Now I lay me
Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray Thee, Lord, my soul to keep
If I should die before I wake,
I pray Thee Lord, my soul to take
If I should live for other days,
I pray Thee Lord, to guide my ways
3090

Help Youngsters GROW STRONG VIGOROUS HUSKY! with

HIGH ENERGY TONIC

Good-tasting Scott's Emulsion contains *natural* A&D Vitamins often needed to help build stamina and resistance to colds and minor ills. Helps build strong bones and sound teeth, too! Give good-tasting Scott's daily, the year-round!

Recommended by Many Doctors

"My daughter sometimes shows very good sense"

In Tampax she sees modern efficiency applied to sanitary protection

Many women who like modern ideas and methods *cannot* see what earthly reason there is for belts and external pads—not when you can use Tampax instead. These Tampax enthusiasts must be "selling" this simplified form of monthly sanitary protection to their mothers and other conservatives. For the Tampax users are now numbered in the millions.... No belts, pins or pads come with Tampax. It is *worn internally*—and dainty applicators make insertion easy. The hands need never touch the Tampax. . . . Made of pure surgical cotton and perfected by a doctor, Tampax is highly compressed and extremely absorbent. In place, it is invisible and unfelt. Tampax cannot chafe or show edgelines in clothing. No sanitary deodorant needed. Tampax comes in 3 absorbencies: Regular, Super, Junior. Sold at drug stores and notion counters—a month's supply slips into your purse. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

Why Use a Cloth?

Safeway BRUSH-TOP SPOT REMOVER BRUSHES SPOTS AWAY

Quickly removes grease and oil spots from dresses, suits, hats, ties, rugs, linens and auto upholstery. Always ready for use. Brush top keeps fluid directly to spot. At all good dealers.

SAFEWAY CHEMICAL CO., CLEVELAND, O.

GRAND RELIEF! from externally caused **SKIN BLEMISHES**

YOU MAY BE AMAZED how Cuticura can help those pimples, rashes, blackheads! FREE Ointment sample, write Cuticura, Dept. A-126, Malden 48, Mass.

CUTICURA SOAP AND OINTMENT

More New Ideas Are Available for Making Over Your Old Furniture on Page 43

THE LADY IN THE SHOE

. . . should have known about soft SITROUX TISSUES, for cutting down laundry bills! Ideal for baby's bibs, mother's facial cleansings, the whole family's "sniffles". Ask for "Sit-True"!

* Tissue manufacturers are still faced with material shortages and production difficulties . . . but we are doing our best to supply Sitroux Tissues. And, like all others, we are making the finest quality tissues possible under present conditions. For your understanding and patience—our thanks!

Say "SIT-TRUE"

GOOD-BYE TO

discomfort of
- DULLNESS
- SICK HEADACHE
- ACID INDIGESTION
- IRREGULARITY

due to ordinary sluggishness

Be Bright! Feel Right! TAKE **ENO**

Don't feel upset, "jittery" next day, because you ate, drank, smoked too much the night before!—Simply take sparkling Eno at bedtime and you'll *quickly* neutralize excess stomach acid, and ease upset "full-feeling"! *When you wake*—take Eno as a *speedy, gentle laxative.* Caution: use only as directed. Buy at druggists today!

EFFECTIVE DOUBLE ACTION!

1. ANTACID—relieves sour stomach, gas and heartburn promptly.
2. LAXATIVE—quickly relieves temporary sluggishness. Take before breakfast, when needed.

TASTES GOOD!

New WRITERS NEEDED

to re-write ideas in newspapers, magazines and books. Splendid opportunity to "break into" fascinating writing field. May bring you up to $6.00 per hour spare time. Experience unnecessary. Write today For FREE details. Postcard will do. NO OBLIGATION. DETAILS FREE

COMFORT WRITER'S SERVICE
210—W S. 9th St. St. Louis 2, Mo.

QUICK RELIEF FOR HOT, PERSPIRING, TENDER FEET!

Use Dr. Scholl's Foot Powder. Soothes, refreshes. Eases tight shoes. Helps prevent Athlete's Foot. Economical

Dr. Scholl's FOOT POWDER

Your Skin Problems

Kelly Bird—

By SALLY YOUNG

"WHAT can I do for my skin?" is a question so many of my readers have asked. Before I talk about beauty aids, I must stress the importance for beauty of your getting proper rest and sleep, fresh air and exercise and a well-balanced diet devoid of rich pastries and gravies and too many sweets. If you have blackheads, whiteheads, pimples or acne, your diet probably lacks sufficient Vitamin A. Acne may be the result of a Vitamin B deficiency, or of other causes which your doctor can tell you about.

Brown spots or liver spots may also be caused by a lack of Vitamin B. Or they may be due to a glandular condition. It is best to consult your doctor or a good skin specialist about such a condition or any serious case of acne. Face peeling, too, should be put into the hands of a specialist.

Cleanliness

ENLARGED pores and blackheads are usually due to excessive oiliness, and lack of correct cleansing. Whiteheads are essentially the same as blackheads except that the hardened oil and waste matter is covered with a thin layer of the outer skin. Treatment for blackheads and whiteheads is the same, whether the condition is on your face, shoulders or back.

Keeping your skin immaculately clean is of utmost importance in any facial skin care program. Have your own clean towel and washcloth and be sure that your powder puffs are always fresh. Keep your hands away from your face and do not pick at it.

Wash your face twice a day, using a mild soap and hot water. Work up plenty of lather on your face and rub it vigorously with a clean washcloth. Leave the soap on your face for a minute or two and then rinse off with warm water, applying the same vigorous rubbing with the washcloth. Then rinse with cold water and dry thoroughly. It is best not to use rouge or too many creams on your face when you have a skin disorder.

Be Gentle

DON'T squeeze blackheads. With proper cleansing, they will soon disappear. If you want to press out obvious ones, soften the blackheads by steaming your face, applying hot towels for a few minutes. Then wrap your forefingers with absorbent cotton or facial tissues and gently press on each side of the blackhead. Don't bruise or irritate the skin. Don't be impatient. Leave stubborn blackheads for the next treatment. Then apply an astringent lotion, mild alcohol or witch hazel to help contract the opening.

There are medicated creams for overnight use. When applied to disturbed skins, they help soothe and dry the eruption.

A Special Cleanser

THERE'S a special cleansing preparation in the form of a powdery meal which will help you get rid of blackheads and whiteheads and keep your skin fresh and smooth.

Cleansing Action

AFTER thoroughly cleansing your skin with a mild soap and water, or cleansing cream, make a thin paste of this preparation with water. Spread it on your face and neck with your fingertips and leave it on a few minutes until it is almost dry. Then scrub off the mixture with a dry washcloth, working with brisk upward and outward strokes. If your skin is very tender, rinse off the paste instead of scrubbing with it, and smooth on a little face cream afterwards.

This treatment accomplishes several things—its gentle abrasive action flakes off dead, discolored skin and removes surface blackheads as well as blemishes due to clogged pores.

When used after an illness it will help banish that sickroom look and coax back the roses in your cheeks.

Oily Skin

IF YOUR skin is oily, it is especially susceptible to blackheads and the meal may be used every night. If your skin is dry, twice a week will work wonders.

Lots of boys use this meal for blotchy skin.

NO ONE WILL KNOW
because Kotex has flat pressed ends that don't show
Contains a deodorant at no extra cost
Kotex
more women choose KOTEX* than all other sanitary napkins
*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Guaranteed to restore faded color or give NEW color to EVERY fabric

—including NYLON, "CELANESE", RAYON, etc.

STILL ONLY 10¢ and 15¢

And NOW the 25¢ super-economy size

—the finest quality, greatest quantity the best value in all Tintex history

GUARANTEED BY PARK & TILFORD

No other electric range gives you all these features!

WHEN YOUR BIG DAY comes to choose that new electric range, comparison will prove that Presteline gives you *more* practical modern features—*more* for your money than any other range.

Your own choice of three different range-tops . . . an oven *so big* it will do all your baking, roasting, or broiling . . . a storage compartment *so big* it will keep all your pots, pans and other kitchen utensils in apple-pie order . . . a broiler-roaster with an adjustable 3-position rack . . . an automatic Deep-Well cooker . . . 21 time and work saving features no other electric range combines! Presteline is electric cookery at its *finest!*

Pressed Steel Car Company, Inc., Domestic Appliance Division, 666 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago 11, Illinois

Presteline

ELECTRIC RANGE

IT'S THE BIGGEST OVEN in a domestic range! One baking, roasting or broiling job does the work of two!

BIGGEST-YET storage compartment for pots, pans, kettles, and other much-used kitchen utensils. And the door-inside keeps small kitchen tools always at your finger tips!

ONLY PRESTELINE gives you a choice of any one of these three popular top-arrangements!

Tips to Shoppers

THOSE new window pane paper bags are appearing in the grocery stores everywhere, bags with cellophane fronts through which you can see the fruits or vegetables. This means prepackaged fresh fruits and vegetables are becoming more and more popular; they save time for the grocer and the shopper. The packages are certified as to weight and price; they are refrigerated and this means that the foods in them are not only cleaner than with the old methods of grocery display, but the vitamin content stays high with freshly packed and chilled foods. And how nice to buy a package of string beans which haven't been handled and pinched by a dozen earlier shoppers.

More Bags

STILL other new bags, now that war-time restrictions are ended, are known as "wet strength." They can absorb the moisture on cold milk or beer bottles, and on wet vegetables, without pulling to pieces as lighter bags do. Even if it rains while you're hurrying home from the morning's shopping, the new bags keep the foods dry, stay dry themselves and do not come apart.

Butchers are celebrating too, because new bags, designed for wrapping meat quickly and prevent sopping through of meat juices, are available. And did you know that in most countries, even before the war, you provided your own wrapping paper and bags for any purchases? American grocers and other dealers buy about 70 billion paper bags annually so customers needn't bring their own shopping bags or baskets with them.

Clean, cool cotton curtains make any summer room seem cooler. They're back in the shops, in ready-to-hang pairs, or by the yard. Old-fashioned cotton marquisette, always popular because it washes so easily and quickly; tailored lace curtains in rayon; cotton bobbinet; dotted sheer cotton of several kinds; and nylon marquisette. Also imported Swiss organdy is back for the first time since the war.

The decorators say: make curtains full if you want your windows to look well dressed and the room well decorated. A skimpy curtain doesn't do its job of curtaining the window, shutting out the neighbors' view, and besides it looks stringy. Look at the high-priced luxury curtains in the shops and make your own accordingly.

If you use rickrack or other bindings, be sure they are color fast, and be sure your curtains are of pre-shrunk fabric. If you are making them yourself, and the fabric is not pre-shrunk, wash and iron it first, and wash any shrinkable edging, binding or braids to be used on it too.

Remaking Furniture

WITH the post-war release of certain ingredients used in paint more paints are in the stores. And more ideas are available for making over your old furniture, and freshening old rooms. Free paint booklets are at the paint counters.

At the book counters an exceptional book on the subject came out a few weeks ago. Famous Peter Hunt, painter of Provincetown, Mass., has probably done more to interest people in remaking old furniture than anyone else in the country. His "workbook" is a beautiful collection of photographs of his own remade pieces, and it is full of suggestions for turning seemingly useless old chairs, chests and other objects into bright furnishings.

Detailed instructions too, and you needn't be an artist to follow them. In fact, this painter says, it's better to be "just anyone with a saw, screwdriver, paint and a little ingenuity." Ask your book store for this one—it isn't free.

More Beautiful Hair

A WEEKLY oil shampoo is a good remedy for dry hair as well as for a dandruff condition. This is done by parting your hair into sections and applying warm olive oil or special reconditioning oil to your scalp and each strand of the hair. Massage oil well into the scalp and hair. Cover your hair with hot steaming towels for about five minutes, or wrap your hair in a clean turkish towel and leave the oil soak into your hair for about an hour. Then give yourself a thorough shampoo.

This oil treatment is recommended for split, brittle hair ends, too. Give yourself a treatment before each weekly shampoo.

Don't get permanents too close together and be sure your hair is in good condition for best results. Give yourself weekly hot oil shampoos about three weeks before the permanent.

For thin hair, have a good permanent regularly to give your hair body and softness. Have it shaped in a short feather cut. This helps create an illusion of more hair.

If your hair is kinky, bushy and fuzzy, have it thinned out and shaped. When setting your hair, use a lotion and stretch the hair as you set it. Set it in large, loose curls.

If your hair is dry and unmanageable, rub a little cream into the bristles of the brush and brush your hair thoroughly. S. Y.

BORDERLINE ANEMIA*

may be a bar to good looks and dates!

How thousands who are pale and tired because of this blood deficiency may find renewed energy with Ironized Yeast Tablets!

WE ALL KNOW GIRLS who seem always pale-faced, dull and lifeless—who lack the vivacity and pep to attract men. And in so many cases, it's a blood condition that makes these girls look and act as they do. They may have a Borderline Anemia . . . resulting from a ferro-nutritional deficiency of the blood.

In fact, medical studies conducted have shown that up to 68% of the women examined have this widespread Borderline Anemia. So do many men. And if you yourself have noticed that your color has been fading, your energy running down, you too may be a victim. Perhaps your loss of color and vitality comes from red blood cells that are too puny and weak to release buoyant energy to all parts of your body. In that case, you need to build up your blood, the "supply line" of body energy.

Build Up Blood And Energy With The Help Of Ironized Yeast

Yes, if your face seems unduly pale and your vitality seems to be on the wane, a Borderline Anemia may be to blame, and you ought to take Ironized Yeast Tablets. These tablets are especially formulated to help you fight this Borderline Anemia by restoring pale, puny, red blood cells to healthy redness and size. Remember—vigor, drive and healthy good looks depend upon the energy that's released to your body by healthy red blood cells.

Of course, continuing tiredness, listlessness and pallor may be caused by other conditions, so consult your physician regularly. But when you have this depressing Borderline Anemia, and you envy others their buoyant energy and glowing good looks, take Ironized Yeast Tablets. Ironized Yeast can help you build up your blood and with it your natural vitality and attractiveness.

***BORDERLINE ANEMIA**
resulting from a ferro-nutritional blood deficiency can cause
TIREDNESS • LISTLESSNESS • PALLOR

Energy-Building Blood. This is a microscopic view of blood rich in energy elements. Here are big, plentiful red cells that release energy to every muscle, limb, tissue.

Borderline Anemia. Thousands have blood like this; never know it. Cells are puny, faded. Blood like this can't release the energy you need to feel and look your best.

Improved, Concentrated Formula

Ironized Yeast

TABLETS